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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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UNJUST TRIBUTE

y Ireland for the Support of t Premier Instrument of Her Destruction, the British Navy.

the Late William Smith O'Brien's s Raises the Question Before the Financial Commission.

Murrogh O'Brien deserves the s of the Irish people for having before the Financial Commission uestion of the taxation of Ireland e support of the imperial navy. question is one which involves the st injustice to Ireland. The Britavy exists for the protection of sh and Scotch commerce in the place, and of colonial commerce in econd place. This protection, while icial to Great Britain, Canada, alia, and Cape Colony, is absolutetrimental to the interests of Ire-

Yet, while both Australia and da possess large mercantile fleets h could not keep the sea in time of without the protection of the British , neither of them contribute to the ing or maintainance of the Impenavy. Both of these rich and powercolonies derive the full benefit from protection of the navy, and from the nditure of the foreign office for ch the people of Ireland are taxed, yet neither one or the other of them ribute one penny to keep up those erial departments from which they ve so much benefit. This unfair disution of the imperial burdens is one he causes of the poverty of Ireland. ile Great Britain sustains the same stice, so far as expenditure is conned in the case of the colonies, the erence between Ireland and Great tain arises when we begin to count receipts. Great Britain has an rmous trade with the colonies. That de more than compensates England, otland and Wales, for the sacrifices y make on behalf of the colonies, but Ireland there is no compensation. reland has no direct trade with the onies, but for Ireland there is no mpensation. Ireland has no direct ds with the colonies, and therefore ts no return for the money which is tracted from her people to pay the vy which defends them, and the forgn office which does their work with her nations for them. It is well to member that if Canada or Australia ere independent nations, they would ve to pay for these services themlves. No doubt, from a trade point view, it is the interest of Great itain to continue the present system. justifies the maxim that trade fols the flag. This may or may not be ue, but it is certain that no trade mes to Ireland from the present arngement. On the contrary, the rich olonies for whose protection the Irish eople are taxed are the rivals in trade, nd the unfair rivals in trade, of the unortunate Irish farmer who is obliged carry on his shoulders not alone the rish landlord, but also the British navy. hanks to this favoritism, even the ustralian farmer can send his sheep, is butter and his eggs to the British arkets to compete with the Irish armer, who is taxed not merely to proect the happy Australian, but also to rovide him with a cheap means of ransport under pretense of paying he steamship lines for conveying the nails.

The Irish people should never forget hat they are taxed for a multitude of ervices, which not only do them no ood, but which in cases are diametriclly opposed to their interests. These natters have hitherto attracted little ttention in Ireland. Even her repreentatives in parliament have never lealt with them, either because some greater questions stood in the way, or because those representatives did not understand these questions. The time has now arrived for public men to take note of this gross inequality and endeavor to put an end to it. I have frequently pointed out that the imperial navy exists for the protection of the shipping interests, and therefore that it should be supported by a direct tax on British shipping. In other words, the mercantile marine should be compelled to pay its own insurance like any other trade. At present the general taxpayer is fleeced for the benefit of the shipowner, and that process threatens to go on. Within the past ten years the taxpayers of Great Britain and Ireland have been drained to the extent of some two hundred millions sterling to support the British navy, and we now know on the authority of the secretary of the admiralty that still larger demands are to be made in the coming budget on the pockets of the public. In the case of Ireland this system of public plunder is further aggravated by the fact that almost every penny spent on the navy by the government is spent in Great Britain, with the exception of a beggar's dole expended in Belfast. Yet we are assured that millions more are apt to be spent building new ships for the navy. These in turn will require more men, and so the burden is bound to grow year by year.

It is laid down as a principle that Great Britain must maintain a fleet equal to the combined fleets of any two powers. For the moment that means equal to the fleets of France and Russia. This is a large order; but it is one bound to grow larger as time advances. The Russians are only beginning to build, and with their population of 120,000,000 to draw upon they can go on building indefinitely. It is rather an appalling prospect, even for the British taxpayer, but for the Irish farmer it spells ruin. The only way to meet that evil is to place the taxes for the construction and maintenance of the imperial navy directly on the mercantile marine. That tax would then act as a protective tariff for the benefit of both the British and Irish farmers, and would compel all colonies and foreign countries which compete so unfairly against both British and Irish farmers to pay something towards the general taxation of the British empire. Every pound raised this way would go towards lightening the burden on the agricultural classes both in Ireland and Great Britain.—*James J. O'Kelly, M. P., in Irish Daily Independent.*

NAPOLEON'S YOUTHFUL NATURE.

Prof. William M. Sloane gives an interesting analysis of the youthful nature of Napoleon in the third installment of his new life printed in the January number of the *Century*. The period under consideration is that immediately following Napoleon's flight from Corsica, when he had renounced his firm allegiance to Paoli in the belief that it would improve his own chances for preferment. Mr. Sloane says:

Not that the outcast Bonaparte was any longer exclusively a Corsican. It is impossible to conceive of a lot more pitiful or a fate more obdurate than his had so far been. There was little hereditary morality in his nature, and none had been inculcated by training; he had no vital piety, nor even sincere superstition. A butt and an outcast at a French school under the old regime, he had imbibed a bitter hatred for the land indelibly associated with such haughty privileges for the rich and such contemptuous disdain for the poor. He had not even the consolation of having received an education. His nature revolted at the religious formalism of theology; his mind turned in disgust from the scholastic husks of its superficial knowledge. What he had learned came from inborn capacity, from desultory reading, and from the untutored imaginings of his garden at Brienne, his cave at Ajaccio, or his barrack chambers. What more plausible than that he should first turn to the land of his birth with some of happiness, usefulness, or even glory! What more mortifying than the stupefying revelation that in manhood he was too French for Corsica, as he had been in boyhood too Corsican for France!

The story of his reception and adventures in Corsica has no fascination; it is neither heroic nor satanic, but belongs to the dull and mediocre realism which makes up so much of commonplace life. It is difficult to find even a thread of continuity in it; there may be one as to purpose; there is none as to either conduct or theory. There is the passionate admiration of a Southern nature for a hero as represented by the ideal Paoli. There is the equally Southern quality of quick but transient hatred. The love of dramatic effect is shown at every turn, in the perfervid style of his writings, in the mock dignity of an edict issued from the Grotto at Milelli, in the empty honors of a lieutenant-colonel without a real command, in the paltry style of an artillery inspector with no artillery but a few dismantled guns.

But the most prominent characteristic of the young man was his shiftiness, in both the good and bad senses of the word. He would perish with mortification rather than fail in devising some expedient to meet every emergency; he felt no hesitation in changing his point of view as experience destroyed an idea or an unforeseen chance was to be seized and improved. Moreover, repeated failure did not dishearten him. Detesting garrison life, he neglected its duties, and endured punishment, but he secured regular promotion; defeated again and again before the citadel of Ajaccio, each time he returned undismayed to make a fresh trial under new auspices or in a new way.

He was no spendthrift, but he had no scruples about money. He was proud in the headship of his family, and reckless as to how he should support them, or should secure their promotion. Solitary in his boynood, he had become in youth a companion and leader; bat his true friendships were not with his social equals, whom he despised, but with the lowly, whom he understood. Finally, he was a citizen of the world, a man without a country, his birthright was gone, for Corsica repelled him; France he hated, for she had never adopted him. He was likewise without a profession, for he had neglected that of a soldier, and had failed both as an author and as a politician. He was apparently, too, without a single guiding principle; the world had been a harsh stepmother, at whose knee he had neither learned the truth nor experienced kindness. He appears consistent in nothing but in making the best of events as they occurred. So far he was a man neither much better nor much worse than the world in which he was born.

He was quite as unscrupulous as those about him, but he was far greater than they in perspicacity, adroitness, adaptability, and persistence. During the period before his expulsion from Corsica these qualities of leadership were scarcely recognizable, but they existed. As yet, to all outward appearance, the little captain of artillery was the same slim, ill-proportioned, and rather insignificant youth; but at twenty-four he had had the experience of a much greater age. Unconscious of his powers, he had dreamed many day dreams, and had acquired a habit of boastful conversation in the family circle, but fully cognizant of the dangers incident to his place, and the unsettled conditions about him, he was cautious and reserved in the outside world.

A FRIEND HONORED.

Many Chicago Friends Make an Amiable Raid on Lemont, and Present Father O'Sullivan With a Christmas Gift.

Interesting Account of the Visit and the Proceedings.

[*To the Editor.*]

On Sunday morning, the 23rd ult., there boarded an outgoing train on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, at its depot, on Archer avenue and Twenty-third street, as jovial and happy a party of Chicagoans as could possibly be gotten together. Their destination was Lemont, Ill., where they intended to present the newly-appointed pastor, Father O'Sullivan, with a handsome Christmas gift. Father O'Sullivan, as recently announced in THE CITIZEN, was for a number of years assistant pastor in Nativity parish, where his splendid qualities as a priest made him a host of friends in whose grateful hearts the memory of his innumerable deeds of patriotism and charity shall ever remain indelibly inscribed.

As soon as the announcement was publicly made that this estimable and beloved priest was about to sever his connection with Nativity parish, his many friends therein and elsewhere in this city decided to present him with a well-filled purse as the most appropriate gift that could be made him in recognition of his invaluable services during his stay in their midst. The committee selected for this purpose consisted of Messrs. J. J. Crowley, Matthew Lamb, Denis McCarthy, M. McDonough, M. Malloy, J. Donahue, M. McCarthy, J. Fleming, H. Bauman and P. B. Flanagan. The ladies of the parish were nobly represented by Miss Kate Crowley, Miss McCarthy and Miss Fleming.

On counting the party at the depot it was found to contain just thirteen. "This will never do," said the genial Matt Lamb, who is as gentle as his name implies. While discussing with animation the dire consequences that would surely result if the journey were undertaken with such an unlucky number, there appeared upon the troubled scene, like an angel from heaven, the smiling and familiar countenance of Martin Mulcahy, accompanied by Dr. Stringfield, both of St. James' parish, but nevertheless particular friends and warm admirers of Father O'Sullivan. With this happy addition to their number the sad and dejected feelings of Messrs. Crowley and Lamb disappeared, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

On arriving at Lemont the visitors were taken in charge by Messrs. P. Brackin, J. J. Carrier, M. Lynch, Postmaster J. Noonan, J. J. Doyle, M. Keegan, T. Finegan, J. Talty, N. Harkins and Dr. J. J. Leahy, who escorted them to church, where they had the pleasure of once more listening to their old friend and ideal minister of God, offer up the holy sacrifice of the mass. After mass the visitors repaired to the magnificent parochial residence provided by the generous and warm-hearted people of Lemont for their distinguished pastor, where a sumptuous repast was served and heartily enjoyed. Being regaled with the best of everything in the line of refreshments that a worthy host could provide, a visit was made to the greatest of modern undertakings and the wonder of the nineteenth century, the new drainage canal, which proved highly instructive and interesting.

The hour being now near at hand at which it was decided to discharge the pleasant duty with which the committee to Lemont was intrusted, all anxiously turned towards the comfortable council chamber in the city hall, where the interesting event was to take place. In the presence of a large concourse of the most prominent citizens of Lemont, many charming ladies gracing the occasion, the chairman, Mr. Lamb, called the meeting to order and explained the purpose for which they were there assembled. He said that Santa Claus had intrusted him with a letter directed to one in their midst, and called upon the venerable Martin Mulcahy—whom he likened unto the children's patron saint, from the joy it gives him to make people happy—to tell the audience for whom it was intended. Mr. Mulcahy, with that bashfulness and modesty for which he is so characteristic, declined the honor and requested his old friend, P. B. Flanagan, to take his place. Mr. Flanagan gladly accepted the joyful task assigned him, and in remarks worthy the occasion delighted the people of Lemont with his glowing account of the brilliant services rendered the parishioners of Nativity parish by the gifted and illustrious priest they had assembled that evening to honor and to glorify. The speaker took occasion to remind his hearers of the incalculable good that accrued to the Hibernians of Cook county, and elsewhere, through the powerful influence of Father O'Sullivan, who so ably succeeded in uniting the warring elements of that now grand and ennobling society into one solid body. He also called attenton to the fact that it was mainly through the untiring efforts of this patriotic "Soggarth" that Mrs. Curley and her children enjoy today the "A. O. H. homestead," which was presented to her over a year ago, as a small reward for the fidelity to the principles of Irish liberty displayed by her gallant and devoted husband, Daniel Curley.

Father O'Sullivan, in accepting the letter, and a good-sized check which it contained, feelingly thanked his many friends in Nativity parish, and throughout the entire city of Chicago, for their kindness and generosity towards him, and assured them, one and all, that it would ever be his pride and pleasure to remember the many happy days he spent in their midst. Speeches were also made by Dr. Stringfield, Messrs. Brackin, Carrier, Noonan, Harkins, McDonough, Donahue and others. The meeting being now over more refreshments were served, after which the visitors hurried to catch their train for Chicago, much pleased and gratified at the royal manner they were entertained by Father O'Sullivan and the generous and hospitable citizens of Lemont. P. B.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. H. Power.

A "Fairie's Well" ah dear, dead heart, was thine,
A fount of every feeling, pure and sweet,
That flowed from hidden springs of peace divine
Where truth and love in benediction meet:
Where every soul that sorrowed lingered near
To rise refreshed to bear its heavy cross.
In our dumb agony, forever here
Shall we, surviving pilgrims, mourn thy loss.

This "Ivy Leaf" unfading, evergreen,
We lay with trembling hands on thy cold breast
A mute memorial of life's brighter scene
When youth and hope and joy around thee prest.
From memory's heart shall this symbolic leaf.
Be nourished, fed, by silent streams unseen
And tears that fell from friendship's constant grief
Shall keep dear thoughts of thee, forever green.

Oh "Glendalough," where sorrow's brooding wing
Obscures the tender light of summer skies
No purer, loftier soul shall ever cling
To thy dear vales than shone from those dead eyes;
Reflecting every mood from smiles to tears
That o'er thy emerald bosom flit and gleam
Ah: Erin's exiled sons through long, long years
Shall weep above his tomb in death's last dream.

WILLIAM J. DAWSON.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 22, 1894.

PRE-HISTORIC BOAT.

Discovered Near Newry.

A discovery of much interest has just been made in the townland of Lisgannon, Loughbrickland, near Newry. A man named James Buchannor, while mowing rushes on his farm, struck the point of his scythe into something a little below the surface, and thinking he had discovered a tree of bogwood of some sort, he began to excavate with a spade, and soon become convinced that he had come upon an ancient boat or canoe. At much trouble Buchannon has succeeded in clearing the bog earth away, there now lies disclosed to view a very fine specimen of the pre-historic boat making. This ancient craft was hollowed out of the heart oak of a single tree, which must have been a monarch of the forest, for the canoe is twenty-five feet long, and from three feet wide near one end to two feet eight inches at the other, and nineteen inches deep in the inside. The keel projects at the bow and stern, reminding one strongly of the rams of our modern warships, and of Roman and Grecian triremes of old. There are two pairs of brackets left projecting, on which seats probably for the oarsmen were placed, while the hull or shell of the boat was strengthened by leaving projecting ribs on the inner side, three of which are still visible. What are supposed to be the rowers' seats are three feet apart, and lying between them was portion of the handle and blade of a paddle or small oar. This was so much decayed that it crumbled when touched. The size of this canoe and the excellent condition in which it now is renders it a most suitable object for some museum or educational institution, where, it is hoped, it may eventually be preserved.

Before a Full Head of Steam

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits, and other influences prejudicial to health, it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and fastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh wasting diseases.

REND RENDS BURNS.

The Gallant and Fiery Chicago Colonel Jumps Nobly on the Diminished Head of the Bumptious Britisher.

But the Coal Operators' Convention Lacks Irish Backbone, and the Briton Is Admitted to the Courtesies of the Floor.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 29.—The railroad coal operators and miners of the Pittsburg district had a joint convention yesterday to decide on a uniform mining rate. The business of the meeting was lost sight of in a sensational attack made by Col. W. P. Rend of Chicago on John Burns, the English Socialist, and Editor Stead, who wrote a book about Chicago. Under ordinary circumstances the remarks of the Colonel would have been applauded, but as Mr. Burns had been invited to a seat in the convention as a courtesy, the matter was smoothed over. The convention was held in the city council chamber. When it was called to order a motion was made to admit Mr. Burns, who stopped over on his way home from the Denver convention. Col. Rend jumped to his feet at the mention of Burns' name and said:

"I object to the courtesies of this convention being extended to Mr. Burns, who is here for the double purpose of discussing labor matters and also of slandering and vilifying American institutions. Mr. Burns is a stranger in America; it is therefore fitting that he shall observe the decencies and proprieties of the position which he occupies. These proprieties he is constantly violating by his malignant attacks upon our institutions. I would advise that Mr. Burns return to the country from which he came and criticise the customs, manners, and institutions of his own land, which he will find infinitely more deserving of his criticism and abuse than anything he can find here. I know it is the custom for 'blarsted Britishers' to indulge in improprieties similar to those against which I protest in the case of Mr. Burns. These people indulge in a certain amount of praise, but mixed with it is abuse, a proceeding which is the meanest and the worst form of vilification. It is about time for American manhood to resent the offensive conduct of these men. I have no objection whatever to listening to the views of Mr. Burns upon labor matters or sociology. My protest is simply directed against a glaring abuse that has become, in this country, intolerable. When Mr. Stead came to Chicago he was taken by the hand by many of our leading citizens. He also abused the hospitality of our city and the proprieties of good breeding by indulging in criticism of American matters, in which he mingled much of flattery, but more of hostile criticism. At that time I predicted that he would return to England and imitate the example of other foreign adventurers by writing slanderous books about our country. It is time to stop lionizing characters of this kind."

The convention was in sympathy with Colonel Rend's American speech, but by an almost unanimous vote Burns was admitted. He shrugged his shoulders, looked quizically at Rend, while the latter made his speech, but as he was merely a visitor and had no voice in the convention he said nothing.

The Colonel was on the floor several times during the day, fighting for fair wages for the miners. The matter of a uniform rate was left to a committee of three operators, three miners, and three disinterested persons. They will try to agree on a fair rate and report at a later convention. John McBride, the new president of the Federation of Labor, was present and made a speech.

At the convention it was learned there is a scheme on foot to withdraw from the Knights of Labor. At the New Orleans convention of the Knights, the delegates from the Miners' National Trade's Assembly were refused admittance. They fought the matter for several days but as the Sovereign-Hayes faction was in control, they had to kick their heels against the outside walls of the convention hall. Among those refused admittance were National Secretary Pat McBryde and Chief Factory Inspector Robert Watchorn. They came home in an indignant frame of mind. Since then, it is claimed, they have been working the secession movement. Their friends claim twenty-five national, state, or district assemblies are about to leave the old organization and elect delegates to a convention to be held in Columbus in February to found a new order. The Window Glass Workers Association, which is connected with the Knights of Labor as a local assembly, it is said, will go with the miners. It has 4,000 members.

"We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

An interesting history of an old and well known comic tune was given by Prof. Ensel, a music teacher, in a speech at the Music Teachers' Association recently, says an Irish exchange. He said that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for awhile was near the Pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up the tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there was the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. Prof. Ensel then stated that the tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the eleventh century by the Crusaders, and lived separately in both countries over seven hundred years. This is certainly enough to make "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" classic. Its origin is more of a mystery than the source of the Nile.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT.

Mr. John Fitzgerald, ex-President of the Irish National League, Passes Away at His Home in Lincoln, Neb.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 30.—John Fitzgerald, ex-president of the Irish National League of America, died at his home in this city at 2 o'clock this morning after a lingering illness. Softening of the brain, complicated with other troubles, is given as the cause of death. Three years ago he suffered from a stroke of apoplexy as a result of overwork and business worry, and though he partially rallied through strict abstention from business, he never fully recovered. Five months ago he took to his bed, and though the progress of the disease was slow, his physicians and intimates admitted that they could hope for nothing but a fatal termination. He was 60 years old.

A leading citizen of the city and state, Mr. Fitzgerald gained national prominence years ago as an earnest champion of Irish independence. He was an intimate friend of Michael Davitt, John Dillon and other leaders in the Nationalist cause, and, though differing in political belief from Patrick Egan while that gentleman was at the head of the Irish National League in America, was nevertheless his stanch supporter and succeeded him as president of the organization. A man of ample means, he contributed liberally to the cause of Irish freedom, and was second only, as his friends in Lincoln assert, to Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, who died recently, in the matter of donations. He was born in county Limerick, and, with his father and brother, emigrated to [illegible] when a young man. He settled first in New York State, where he engaged in farming, and contracting in a small way. Later he drifted to Plattsmouth in the early days of Nebraska's history as a state.

Here, by successful ventures as a railroad contractor, he laid the foundation for a comfortable fortune. He constructed many of the extensions of the Burlington road in this state, Kansas and Iowa. Several years ago John Fitzgerald was rated as a three-times millionaire. Failing health, with consequent inattention to business and unprofitable contracts, brought serious reverses, which cut down his fortune materially, and, while those who assert that there is now little left of his once almost mammoth possessions, a conservative estimate would make his estate worth nearly $1,000,000 after all claims are settled. About his last appearance in public life was five months ago, when he appeared as a witness in his notable suit against the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, involving $500,000. It is a coincidence worthy of mention that his lawyer in this case and the man with whom he had been intimately associated for many years was T. M. Marquette, who died but ten days ago at Tampa, Fla. Mr. Fitzgerald was a devout Catholic and a munificent giver to his church. The Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, in Lincoln, is the gift of Mr. Fitzgerald to the nuns of that order, and his subscriptions in aid of the Catholic church of Lincoln have been generous and constant. Seven years ago he gave a large sum to help in the construction of St. Patrick's church, at Rome, and Pope Leo, in recognition of his generosity, sent him a valuable gold medal. A widow and three children, two boys and a girl, survive him.

A Road 1,809 Miles in Length.

The longest macadamized road in the world, says *Tit-Bits*, is in British India. The Grand Trunk Road, which is 1,809 miles in length, begins at Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. The city is entered by macadamized roads through thirteen gates; while the Lahore district is one of the most important in the Punjab, with an area of 3,645 miles, and a population of over a million inhabitants. After the peace of 1815, the Austrian government began to make roads, and in sixty years, down to 1875, no less than 60,000 miles of macadamized roads were laid down, besides sixty passes made over the Alps. The longest macadamized road in the United States, the National, is 650.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by the firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

LEXOW IS THROUGH.

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES IS THE FINAL WITNESS.

He Admits the Whole Indictment as Against the Force, Charges it to Local Politics, Declares His Own Innocence of Any Participation in the Wickedness and His Attempts to Stop It, and Closes by Announcing His Resignation.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—What will go down in the history of this city as the Lexow committee, but which technically is the senate committee for the investigation of the police, and other departments of New York, has at last closed its protracted and successful sessions. It is doubtful if any other like body appointed by the legislature of this state ever accomplished so much good work in the time that this committee has consumed, or for that matter in any length of time; for the results of this investigation have been more far reaching and conclusive of utter and appalling corruption than was ever before demonstrated here. The reports printed in these dispatches have given a good idea of the trend of the revelations.

Who Has Perjured Himself?

But to the moralist there is a feature of all this swearing that is the saddest of all, and it is one that should engage the attention of the publicist, and that is the amount of perjury that has been done, and the ease with which it has been done—without a blush or a stammer. For somebody is perjured. The direct contradictions under oath are not differences of opinion; they are issues of fact, and such also as a bad memory cannot excuse. Some of the perjury has been acknowledged later, but most of it stands just as given. But the case is closed and the report of the committee is the next thing in order, and New York city, at least, will await this with impatience.

Byrnes Announces His Resignation.

Superintendent Byrnes was the last witness examined. Just before he was through answering Goff's questions the superintendent handed a letter to Chairman Lexow and said that it was a copy of one that he had sent to Mayor-elect Strong early this month. It was his resignation from the force, of which he has been a member for the last thirty-two years. The superintendent said that on two occasions since he was appointed in Superintendent Murray's place he was on the point of resigning, owing to the continual conflict between the commissioners and himself. The superintendent, he said, should have absolute charge of the discipline of the department, but that all his efforts in that direction were frustrated by the commissioners. The department was honey-combed with abuses, which had been growing for thirty years and they could only be remedied by radical legislation.

Local Politicians to Blame for All.

Local politicians, he claimed, were the curse of the department, and as long as politics was a factor in the force such a state of things would exist. Although he had done his utmost to procure substantial information as to corruption and bribery he was unable to get it, and the whole department was impregnated with the belief that promotion had to be bought and merit was of no avail. He claimed to have done a good deal towards helping to bring about the exposures. He paid a tribute to Dr. Parkhurst, who, he said, manufactured public sentiment, without which it would have been impossible for the committee to have acquired the information it did.

Jay Gould Was His Very Good Friend.

His wealth, which he estimated at $350,000, was made by speculation, he said, in Wall street, through the instrumentality of Jay Gould and his son George. His purchases of real estate were also very profitable, and he claimed not to have a bank account.

The above gives briefly but substantially what Byrnes said as to the corruption in the force. His explanation of how he made his money was the most interesting of his testimony otherwise. Byrnes said he had been connected with the force for about thirty-two years, and gave a list of the property he held, and which he had accumulated by buying stocks. Said he: "The late Jay Gould was my friend, and he acted as my broker. He made for me $200,000, and since his death his son George has made $42,000."

He got his first money this way: "A friend of Senator Palmer named Burridge, a very old man who lived in Duchess county, left me $7,000. I bought property and sold it and made some money. Old Commodore Vanderbilt asked me on one occasion if I had any money, and I said yes, I had $2,000. He asked me for it and I brought it to him. About six or twelve months afterward I got $6,000 back, as he had invested it very successfully for me. This made me worth some $20,000 in 1875."

The witness then told a long story as to how he became acquainted with Jay Gould. It was through catching a man who wrote threatening letters. Gould offered him a present, but he refused. Then Gould, he said, offered to buy stocks for him and did not want to accept any margin, but Byrnes insisted. He put up $10,000, with the result that the amount was increased to $270,000. He said he could not remember just where he got the $10,000, but he had it all right, he declared.

He had made several attempts to suppress vice of all kinds, but was so tied up that his efforts were of no avail. He had never had a dollar in his life that was not obtained honestly. The interference of Commissioner Martin with the captains at the time of the 1892 election was then referred to, and Superintendent Byrnes described the meeting. He said that Martin insisted on addressing the force, and told them not to allow United States marshals to interfere with them. Byrnes objected to this, and instructed the men exactly as to their duties.

"But Commissioner Martin swore that he went there at your request." "He swore to what was false."

"And that you asked him to address the men." "That is also false. When I refused to let his instructions go to the captains they were so pleased that two of them came and kissed my hand." He denied that he had ever interfered with Dr. Parkhurst.

He then read his letter of resignation, in in which he places himself at the disposal of Mayor-elect Strong to assist him in any manner required, and as he stepped from the stand said: "The police force must be reorganized. The present system is all wrong." Goff announced that Commissioner Martin's bank books were all right, resolutions and speeches were made thanking all who had helped uncover the corruption, and asking the police commissioners to deal fairly with Captain Creedon, and the investigation was ended.

STATE OFFICIALS INAUGURATED.

New York and Michigan Change Their Administrations.

ALBANY, Jan. 2.—At 10:30 a. m. the Tenth battalion national guard escorted Governor Morton and staff to the capitol, where the new governor was met by Governor Flower and staff in the executive chamber. From here they proceeded to the assembly chamber, where after prayer by Bishop Doane, of Albany, and a welcoming address by Governor Flower the oath was administered to Governor Morton. The new executive then delivered his inaugural address, after which there was music followed by a public reception.

Governor Rich Takes His Seat Again.

LANSING, Jan. 2.—The inauguration of Governor Rich was a new departure. Heretofore the governor and state officers have quietly taken the oath of office and assumed their duties without ceremony. This year the officers assembled in Representative hall, where they were publicly sworn in by Clerk Hopkins, of the supreme court. General R. A. Alger presided and Chief Justice McGrath, of the supreme court, delivered an address. The exercises included prayer and music. Handsome souvenir programmes, with portraits of the officers to be inaugurated and of those who took part in the exercises, were furnished. The legislature convened at noon to-day.

Nebraska Legislature Convenes.

LINCOLN, Jan. 2.—The twenty-fourth legislature convened at noon. All the members were in the city. The senate caucus resulted in the selection of Hon. John C. Watson for president pro tem. and the house caucus C. L. Richards for speaker. These selections indicate that General John M. Thurston will have a majority in joint session for United States senator.

Delaware.

DOVER, Del., Jan. 2.—At their caucus the Republican members of the house chose McMillin, the Higgins candidate, for speaker. He received eight votes to seven for Moore, the Addicks candidate. On joint ballot three Republican senators will vote. Of these one is known to be an Addicks man and both sides claim the others.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 2.—At the Republican house caucus Mr. Walton, of Philadelphia, was nominated for speaker by acclamation. The Democrats nominated Andrew L. Kritz, of Columbia.

SEVENTEEN CREMATED.

Delevan Hotel Fire at Albany Proves To Be a Holocaust.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The horrors of the Delevan House fire increase as the hours go by and where in the morning nine persons were reported missing the list at night was increased to seventeen. The full list of missing is as follows: Mrs. Francis Hill, from Chicago; Nora Sullivan, Chambermaid; Mary Sullivan, chambermaid, sister of Nora; Mary Carr, chambermaid, from Saratoga; Annie Dailey, employed in the cleaning department; Bridget Fitzgibbons, employed in pantry; Amelia Tomaznia, chambermaid; Simon Myers, coffee man; Rosanta Storney, chambermaid; Ella Dillon, laundress; Agnes Wilson, chambermaid, from Buffalo; Rae Young, employed in linen department, from Buffalo; Kate Crowley, chambermaid; Thomas Cannon, hall man; Fernandino Belletti, fireman; Ricardo Telesfoni, worked in the kitchen; an unknown Italian, worked in the kitchen.

About twenty girls were sleeping in the attic, which was on the Steuben street side of the house, and the only exit was a narrow stairway leading to the third floor hallway, from which there were three stairways by which to escape. The most reliable information that could be obtained was given by an employe of the house named Kate Monahan, who knew all the girls well and had, up to that time, been unable to find twelve of them, whom she is positive are dead. Beside these, she asserts that four men are also in the ruins. Miss Monahan says she escaped through the basement, and that at that time the girls she believes are lost were in the attic. When she reached the last stairway the six lower steps were burned and she had to jump the remaining distance. If the girls were in the attic then it seems impossible for them to have escaped. All the injured will recover. One death has occurred, Mrs. H. S. Foakes.

A Batch of Failures.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The approach of Jan. 1 is making failures quite numerous. The following are reported: N. B. Carlstein company, liabilities about $300,000. West Superior, Wis., LaBelle Wagon company, caused by close of Bank of South Superior; assets $330,000, liabilities $135,000. Sioux City, Ia., R. W. Crawford & Co., wholesale druggists, no statement. Pierre, S. D., First National bank of Ft. Pierre, no statement. Elwood, Ind., Gallanty & Wolf, clothing, liabilities large and assets small. Wasburn, Wis., Bank of Wasburn, no statement.

Burns Speaks at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 29.—About 700 people assembled last night to listen to the speech of the English labor leader, Burns. His talk was nearly identical with that given elsewhere. He called Carnegie a "professional philanthropist," and advised workingmen to build their own libraries, museums, etc.

History Is Their Subject.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Four historical societies are holding their annual sessions here—the Associated Historians of America, the American Folk Lore society, the American Society of Church History, and the Jewish Historical society. Many interesting papers are being read.

Death of John Fitzgerald.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 31.—John Fitzgerald, ex-president of the Irish National league, died here yesterday. He had been in poor health for a couple of years and had practically retired from business.

Churchill Making a Good Fight.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—A bulletin issued last night states that Lord Randolph Churchill passed a quiet day. He continues to take a little nourishment, and his strength is fairly maintained.

Paper Company at Chicago Burned Out.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—The warehouse of the Pioneer Paper Stock company was entirely destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $55,000. Two cottages were crushed by falling walls.

POPULISM DEFINED.

ITS PURPOSES DECLARED BY THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

Government Ownership of the Railways Demanded and the Carlisle Currency and Pooling Bills Denounced—Courts Declared Under the Control of Corporate Power and Investigation of the Alleged Alabama Election Frauds Asked.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 31.—The work of the conference of the national committee of the People's party with the leading members of the rank and file has come to a fruition. The national committee has submitted to the conference, as the result of its consideration of the discussions of the conference, an address to the party and to the people. Its presentation was met by the gathering with a shout that rang through the hall and the indorsement of the conference was given with a vigorous viva voce vote. The address follows:

People's Party a Necessity.

"The rapid increase of our vote in every part of the Union and the startling events of the past two years vividly justify both the existence of and necessity for the People's party. The contention of the party that one of the great needs of this country has been and is an enlarged volume of circulating medium is now practically conceded by all parties and by the government. The gold power and banking interests are insisting through the president and his secretary that the enlarged issue of our money supply shall be given exclusively into the hands of the banks; that silver shall be excluded, all treasury notes retired and that gold alone should be a legal tender, thus making the monetary question an issue which must be met at once.

Progress of Corporate Power.

"Within the present year the corporations—grown arrogant because of the vast possessions of wealth and the exercise of unconstitutional powers—have made war upon the people and induced the federal courts to exercise in their interest unusual and arbitrary powers, induced the invasion of the states by federal troops without the request of either the executives of said states or the legislatures thereof, and are at this time, through a recreant administration and a truculent congress, attempting to clothe the railroad corporations, by means of a pooling bill, with power to further and more systematically rob, oppress and plunder the people; and having already deprived the people of access to the silver mines of the country as an independent source of money supply, are now in the interest of a banking oligarchy endeavoring to deprive them of the right to have their government, in the exercise of its constitutional power, issue the money of the nation and control its volume.

Demand 16-to-1 Money.

"In the opinion of your committee these events are startling, subversive of the liberties of the citizen, and destructive of business and social security; and adhering to the Omaha platform in all its integrity your committee insists upon the restoration of the coinage of gold and silver as it existed prior to 1873—at the ratio of 16-to-1—without regard to the action of any other nation, and that all paper money shall be issued by the general government without the intervention of banks of issue, the same to be a full legal tender."

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP STRAIGHT

And Other Principles That the New Party Will Strike For.

The address goes on to declare implacable hostility to interest bearing bonds and railway pooling and to demand, instead of the latter, action looking to government ownership of all the railways. It then proceeds: "The power given congress by the constitution to 'provide for the calling forth of the militia to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrections, to repel invasions,' does not warrant the government in aiding monopolies in the oppression of the public and their employes. When free men unsheath the sword it should be to strike for liberty, not for despotism, nor to uphold privileged monopolies in the oppression of the poor.

"We ask the people to forget all past political differences and unite with us in the common purpose to rescue the government from the control of monopolists and concentrated wealth, to limit the powers of perpetuation by curtailing their privileges, and to secure the rights of free speech, a free press, and trial by jury—all rules, regulations, and judicial dicta in derogation of either of which are arbitrary, unconstitutional, and not to be tolerated by a free people."

It is recommended that a widely disseminated educational campaign be immediately organized and the allegations regarding the Alabama election are noticed and the demand made that congress investigate the matter. A committee was authorized whose duty it shall be to gather and print the testimony of fraud. This committee is as follows: J. C. Manning, Alabama, chairman; Henry D. Lloyd, Illinois; Lee Crandall, Alabama.

At the closing session General J. B. Weaver presented the above report. It was read in full, and without amendment or change of any sort indorsed by the conference.

In addition to the address as given above the national committee adopted the resolutions indorsing and urging the extension of the industrial legions and providing methods for their closer alliance with the national. Also a resolution recommending the establishment and issue under the direction of the committee of a monthly Populist serial at the Washington headquarters and its distribution. Adjourned sine die.

They Won't Need Their Christmas Presents.

TOLEDO, Dec. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark of 7100 Utica street, this city, left their home to buy Christmas presents for their children and when they returned an hour later it was to find their son Arthur, aged 7, and daughter Bonnie, aged 4, corpses. The children were left asleep alone in the house and fire broke out.

Powers Repeats His Statement.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Alderman Powers, charged with trying to get a bribe from the American Tobacco company for squelching the anti-cigarette ordinance, made a statement before the council last night similar to the one printed in these dispatches and asked a committee of investigation.

Shiloh Park Act Approved.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The president has approved the act to establish a national military park on the battlefield of Shiloh.

FAILURES FOR THE WHOLE YEAR.

Will Probably Reach 14,600 in Number, and $167,000,000 in Amount.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Commercial failures in 1894 already reported number 14,292, against 15,242 last year; with liabilities of $163,238,404, against $346,779,889 last year. Next week the final report for 1894 will probably include about 400 more failures, with liabilities of about $4,000,000. From these accounts banks, bankers, and financial and transporting companies are excluded. Manufacturing failures already number 2,756, against 3,422 last year, but liabilities are only $64,401,287, against $176,984,091 last year. The trading failures already number 11,314, against 11,512 last year, but liabilities are only $87,899,057, against $130,062,333 last year.

The statement by sections shows a decrease of about two-thirds in defaulted liabilities in the middle and central northern states, one-half in the west and southwest, and a third in other sections. Holiday trade has met expectations. Purchases have been numerous, but smaller than usual in amount and more confined to needful articles, thus anticipating ordinary trade. The volume of business represented by clearing house exchanges is 7.7 per cent. larger than last year, but 21.8 per cent. less than the year before, and the daily average for December has been 7.1 per cent. more than last year, but 25.2 less than the year before.

Wheat has declined ½ cent. Exports in December from both coasts have been a little larger than last year, but for the crop year about 20,000,000 bushels smaller. The western estimate, usually regarded with most confidence, is that the crop will reach 515,000,000 bushels, which will leave for export, with stocks brought over, more than 200,000,000 bushels of which only 75,000,000 bushels have gone abroad. Corn has declined ¾ cent.

The market for iron and steel is waiting, but the reduction in wages at the Edgar Thompson works, averaging 15 per cent. plainly indicates the same difficulty which is seen in other quarters—that the demand in consumption does not answer to the increase in production of pig iron. Prices have scarcely changed during the week, though Bessemer pig and billets are if anything a shade weaker. There is larger demand in nails, but in hardware, machinery, engines and railway stocks and materials the business is much depressed.

DEATH OF AN EPISCOPAL BISHOP.

Rt. Rev. D. B. Knickerbocker, of Indiana, Passes to His Rest.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 2.—Rt. Rev. David Buell Knickerbocker, D.D., bishop of the diocese of Indiana, died at 5 o'clock last evening of pneumonia. He was born at Schagticoke, Rensselaer county, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1833. He was the youngest son of Hermon Knickerbocker, widely known as "Prince Knickerbocker." He is alluded to by Washington Irving as "my cousin, the congressman," and when Mr. Irving visited Washington, he introduced him to President Madison as "my cousin, Diedrich Knickerbocker, the great historian of New York."

Bishop Knickerbocker entered Trinity college, Hartford, Conn., and was graduated from there in 1853. He entered the General Theological seminary in New York city and remained there three years. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Potter in Trinity church, New York, in June, 1856, and immediately went to Minneapolis as a missionary, officiating there for the first time Dec. 7, 1856. He was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Kemper, in Gethsemane church, Minneapolis, July 13, 1857.

Minneapolis at this time was a hamlet with a population of about 200. In 1877 Dr. Knickerbocker was elected missionary bishop of Arizona and New Mexico, which election he declined. He was elected third bishop of Indiana in June, 1883, and on Oct. 14 following, in St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, he was consecrated.

BUTLER FOUND AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The Hawkeye State Professor Starts Back to His Home.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 2.—H. G. Phillips, a prominent attorney of Oelwein, Ia., arrived here last evening in search of ex-Congressman Walt Butler. He found him at the police station, where Butler had gone during the afternoon to give himself up. Butler told Police Superintendent Powell that he had an irresistible desire to board a train and was afraid he might leave the city before his friends arrived. Mr. Phillips left for Iowa with Butler last night.

The Kern Investigation at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—The grand jury has finished its investigation into the office of States Attorney Kern. One juror was in favor of voting at once to clear the states attorney, but it was finally decided to put the matter off until Wednesday. It is not expected that the jury will vote an indictment or that the working of the office will be criticised in any way. Judge Tuley, of the criminal court, will look into some of the actions of the grand jury, paying particular attention to Foreman Edwards. It is alleged that the foreman did not make the investigation as thorough as it might have been.

Burglars Carry Away $8,000.

SOMONAUK, Ills, Dec. 28.—When old, white-haired Thomas Wright got down to his bank in the morning he found the floor strewn with papers, the vault door open, the safe blown to pieces, and nearly $8,000 in cash gone. It was a clever piece of work, done by clever cracksmen, who used sledges, chisels and nitro-glycerine on the vault and got away safely with their plunder.

More Trouble for Senator O'Malley.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Charles H. Shepard has begun suit against Senator John F. O'Malley for $50,000 damages. Shepard is the young cabman who was shot by O'Malley on election night and made a cripple for life.

THE DEATH RECORD.

WILLIAM D. HETRICK, one of the oldest locomotive engineer in the country, at Pana, Ills.

CHARELS M. EZMOND, member of Colonel Ellsworth's zuaves, at Saratoga, N. Y.

JAMES SIMPSON, head of a celebrated New York firm, at New York.

W. W. SMITH, secretary of the Missouri and Kansas Telephone company, at Kansas City, Mo.

JAMES B. ROBERTSON, one of the most prominent citizens of Peekskill, N. Y.

WILLIAM E. STONE, cashier of the First National bank of Peoria, Ills.

Colonel ZEB WARD, well-known Arkansan, at Little Rock.

1895	JANUARY.					1895
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

JAMES G. FAIR'S WILL.

He Leaves Considerable Money to Relatives in the Hawkeye State.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Ex Senator James G. Fair died suddenly at the Lick House at 12:20 this morning.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.—The will of James G. Fair, the noted bonanza millionaire and ex-United States senator from Nevada, whose death occurred here Friday night, has been filed in the superior court. The will disposes of an estate the value of which is estimated at $40,000,000. The biggest slices will go to the two daughters living in New York and other relatives residing in Iowa. The only gifts of a public nature are three, aggregating $125,000, to the Orphan asylum of San Francisco. Among four employes $5,000 is to be divided. There are no other bequests save those to near relatives.

To his sister, Mrs. Mary Anderson, of Id Grove, Ia., he leaves $250,000; to his brother William and family, same place, $50,000; to his brother Edward, same place, $20,000; to Mrs. Ludy, daughter of his dead brother Thomas, Correctionville, Ia., $10,000; James D. Fair, Ida Grove, $10,000. The relatives in California get $350,000, and his son-in-law Herman Oelrichs, of New York, $50,000. The remainder of the estate is put in charge of trustees, who are to pay the income during their lives to his children, including his son Charles. On their deaths the estate is to be divided among their children. The will declares that testator is not married, but leaves $50,000 to any "possible widow" and $50,000 to any children declared by law to be his.

GLADSTONE EIGHTY-FIVE.

Celebrates the Day by Attending Church and Receiving Armenians.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Mr. Gladstone celebrated his 85th birthday and was the recipient of hundreds of letters and telegrams of congratulation and parcels containing birthday gifts. He was in remarkably good health and spirits, and despite the stormy weather drove through the village to Hawarden to the church, where he met a deputation of Armenian Christians from Paris and London.

On behalf of Mr. Gladstone the deputation presented a silver chalice to the church. The chalice was presented to the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, son of the ex-premier and rector of Hawarden church, in recognition of the interest his father has taken in the Armenian outrages. In reply to the presentation address, the ex-premier expressed his sympathy with the sufferings of the Armenian Christians. The deputation took luncheon with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden castle. The Prince of Wales and Lord Aberdeen were among those who telegraphed their congratulations to Mr. Gladstone.

No Pardons for Election Crooks.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 31.—Governor Flower set his foot down emphatically on the granting of pardons to any person convicted of election frauds. Senator T. D. Sullivan came in accompanied by a Brooklyn man. It was intimated that Sullivan wanted pardon for about fifteen persons convicted of election crimes. His friend wanted a pardon for Kenneth Sutherland and Mr. Sullivan let his friend have first say. The governor listened attentively and then said: "I will not even listen to an application for pardon for any election offenders. I will certainly not pardon any." Senator Sullivan did not present his opinion.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.

Money on call easy at 1½@2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485½@485¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 488@488¼ and 489½@490; commercial bills 484½@485½.

Silver certificates 59¾ bid; no sales; bar silver 59¾. Mexican dollars 49¼.

United States government bonds 5's regular 117; 5's coupons 117; 4's regular 113; 4's coupons 114¾; 2's regular 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 53¾c, closed 53¾c; May, opened 57¾c, closed 57¼c; July, opened 58¾c, closed 58¼c. Corn—January, opened 45¼c, closed 45¾c; May, opened 46¼c, closed 46¼c, July, opened 47¾c, closed 48c. Oats—December, opened —c, closed 28¾c; January, opened —c, closed 28¾c; May, opened 31¾c, closed 31¾c. Pork—January, opened $11.80, closed $11.95. Lard—January, opened $6.77½, closed $6.82½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 19c per doz., loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, 6½@7½c per lb; turkeys, 8@9½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu; Hebrons, 43@48c; Early Rose, 48@52c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to good, $9.00@10.00 per bbl; choice to fancy, $10.50@11.50. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c per lb; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $3.65@4.25 pigs, $4.05@4.55 light, $4.20@4.60 rough packing, $4.32@4.70 mixed, and $4.45@4.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 11,000; quotations ranged at $5.10@5.20 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@5.05 good to choice do, $3.70@4.35 fair to good, $3.10@3.70 common to medium do, $2.85@3.15 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.90 stockers, $2.80@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.70 cows, $2.80@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.10 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.35 western rangers and $3.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 11,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.40 westerns, $1.75@4.00 Texans, $1.40@3.10 natives and $2.25@4.25 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 31.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 56c; No. 1 northern, 64c; May, 58c. Corn—No. 3, 41¼c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31¼c; No. 3 white, 31¼c. Barley—No. 2, 53¾c; samples, 45@55c. Rye—No. 1, 49c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Dec. 27.

Explorers report having seen smoke and steam issuing from the crater of Mount Ranier.

Harry Hayward, charged with instigating Blixt to murder Miss Ging at Minneapolis, is alleged to have tried to bribe the sheriff to allow Blixt to commit suicide.

Secretary Carlisle declines to be a candidate for United States senator from Kentucky.

While impersonating Santa Claus at Columbus, Ind., the cotton on the Rev. Gilbert Dobbs caught fire. Friends threw him to the floor, but the flames were not extinguished until he had been badly burned.

A Leadville justice has decided that there is no law in Colorado to prohibit a man from burning his own house.

Mrs. Emily Robbins Talcott, of West Hartford, Conn., celebrated her 104th birthday.

Friday, Dec. 28.

The first blizzard of the season and apparently the beginning of real winter, has put in its appearance nearly everywhere east of the Rockies and north of Mason and Dixon's line. It has brought with it the usual and inevitable train of difficulties—blocked railways, impeded street car traffic, fallen telegraph wires, etc.—but no serious mishaps.

Ex-Senator Platt has left Dr. Parkhurst's church because the latter from his pulpit called him a boss and arraigned him as a devil in politics.

The directors and managers of the bank that recently failed in Newfoundland have been arrested, charged with falsifying the banks' condition at the last annual meetings.

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, positively states that under no circumstances will he be a candidate or accept a renomination.

The king of Naples, Francis II, is dead, at Arco, Austrian Tyrol. He was an ex-king, having ceased to wear a real crown since Garibaldi took Rome.

The case against George Lavigne for killing Bowen in the ring at New Orleans has been dismissed and Lavigne is a free man again.

Edward R. Carter, transfer and coupon clerk in the National Bank of Commerce, New York, has confessed to stealings of $20,000, which cover a period of twenty years.

Saturday, Dec. 29.

J. Lichtenstein & Son, dry goods and millinery, of New York, have failed. Liabilities, $450,000.

At Fostoria, O., Peter Mompher, an engineer, went insane on reading a newspaper article making charges against him, drove his family from the house and blew his brains out.

Secretary Carlisle has issued a call for $2,362,000 bonds issued to the Central Pacific, commonly known as currency 6's.

Fire destroyed the brick building corner of Broadway and Filmore streets, Buffalo, and cost the owners $300,000.

Eighteen years ago T. F. Fitzgerald, then 13 years of age, ran away from his home in Toledo. He was long since given up as dead, but has just returned.

R. C. O. Benjamin, a colored preacher of Providence, R. I., is a candidate for chaplain of the next house of representatives. He is the first of his race to aspire to this position.

San Francisco women were shocked by the song in "Aladdin, Jr.," "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back," and it was cut out.

Monday, Dec. 31.

Because the stenographer who took down the McCoull-Powers interview at Chicago sat in a dark room and did not see Powers at any time, and because Powers was invited to the McCoull interview and no money was passed or accepted, the Cook county grand jury has declined to find a bill against Powers—the chief reason being that with the evidence a conviction would be impossible.

The citizens of Minneapolis will present to the cruiser of that name a handsome silver dinner service.

Chicago police have begun to be examined by the new civil service commission that is the first effort to take the force out of politics. The questions asked are simple ones in writing and arithmetic and others to test the knowledge of the officer as to his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. William McLachlan, while crossing the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern bridge across Cedar river, south of Cedar Rapids, Ia., were run down by a passenger train and both were killed.

The boxes for the Chicago charity ball sold at auction for $10,000.

Tuesday, Jan. 1.

It is said proprietors of pool-rooms and policy shops in New York are to form a sort of fast and loose association for the recovery in the civic courts of the money they paid to wardmen, captains and inspectors for protection.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation, of which the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was for so many years pastor, voted to disband and organize an entirely new society.

It is reported that the Tonghaks (rebels) of the Corean province of Cheilado have founded a new kingdom named Kainan. It is added that a member of the Ming family has been enthroned as king.

The gale is still raging along the coasts of the United Kingdom and the life savers are very busy and fortunately very successful.

Dr. Alexander of Upper Sandusky, O., fell into a well while on his way to attend a patient. He was kept a prisoner until morning and in the meantime the patient died.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Lieutenant started at once for the Valencia residence that stood on the eastern outskirts of the town. It was built in the usual style of Mexican dwellings—a one story adobe house, with an interior court, open to the sky and surrounded by a continuous veranda. The outside was plain and gloomy, with few windows, and with one large entrance, through which a coach could be driven into the court. This court was planted with trees, vines and flowers about a central pool, and the doors and windows opening upon it disclosed beautiful interiors.

The library, however, formed no part of the original building. It was a separate edifice, built against its southern wall at the left of the entrance and somewhat retired from the line of the house front, no door connecting it with the main building. A veranda and a well grassed lawn, inclosed by paling, stretched along its front.

Raymer opened the gate, crossed the lawn and stopped an instant to survey the dark walls before him, then stepped upon the veranda, unlocked the door and entered. He was not unacquainted with the room, having been there with Senor Valencia several times during his previous visits to Albuquerque. He therefore encountered no difficulty in obtaining and lighting a lamp. The room was about 25 feet square and well lined with bookshelves. Several choice paintings adorned the walls. A bust of Apollo, a small statue of Psyche, a couple of bronzes, a few specimens of Pueblo pottery were gracefully disposed here and there. A stepladder, lounges, chairs, tables and a desk, resting upon a fine carpet, made a handsomely furnished library.

On the side next the residence, about four feet above the floor, Raymer noticed a square aperture, now closed by a panel. Above the casing was a rod, upon which hung, by heavy gilt rings, two blue silk curtains. A large skylight in the flat roof lighted the apartment. The ample shelves were loaded with books in many languages, chiefly Spanish and English. Some of them were rare and old, quaint and rich in binding.

Raymer selected a volume and sat down at a table, pretending to read. His thoughts, however, were not confined to the page. They were dwelling upon the all absorbing subject that had occupied them since Christmas at Los Valles Grandes. He was again planning means for accomplishing the purpose which had brought him to this town. During the past few days he had cultivated the acquaintance of the half dozen alcaldes in the place, with the hope that one among them might be induced to perform the marriage service for himself and Teresa.

While reviewing his experience with the alcaldes Raymer heard the voices of women on the other side of the panel. He could not distinguish their words, but he recognized the tones of Mrs. Valencia and her daughter. The latter seemed to be tearfully pleading and the other earnestly persuading. Silence followed, to be succeeded by a rush of preliminary notes over the keys of a fine piano, which settled into a nocturne of Chopin, which in turn ran into a plaintive and sobbing Spanish melody. The music ceased, and all was still.

The lieutenant bowed his head upon the book before him and dropped into a gloomy reverie over the almost hopeless outlook. He was aroused and brought back to the present by a click at the gate. A step came up the walk, the door opened, and Senor Valencia entered. He greeted the young officer cordially, and the two were soon engaged in earnest conversation, which lasted until a late hour.

The following night about the same routine was repeated. On the two succeeding nights the merchant came much later, but on Saturday night he proposed accompanying the lieutenant. They walked slowly across the plaza and up the street leading to the Valencia home, engrossed in a discussion of an archæological dispute as to the route pursued by Cabeza de Vaca in his journey across the plains from the gulf coast in 1535-6 to Compostella on the Pacific.

Senor Valencia had recently received a treatise from an eastern scholar who made a claim for a more southern route than the one usually accepted.

As the gentlemen neared the house Raymer noticed a ray of light piercing the darkness from the keyhole of the library door and was presently surprised to see his companion open the door without first using his key, precisely as though he expected to find it unfastened. Throwing the door open, he stepped aside to allow his guest to precede him. The lieutenant crossed the threshold and was astonished to find Teresa sitting at a table with a book before her. She raised her eyes, and seeing who had come in rose and came forward with extended hand. The whole occurrence was so out of the recognized order of New Mexican usage, so much like what might occur at his own home, that the lieutenant had to exercise some personal restraint in order to exhibit no surprise.

"I have brought Mr. Raymer, my dear, to show him the book you are examining," said Senor Valencia.

"I have just been comparing it with our other authorities," observed Teresa. "I am not ready to believe that Vaca passed into Mexico through northern Texas. There is no evidence that a traveled route ever led in that direction, while the generally accepted northern one had existed for centuries and is still used, a natural highway."

"Yes, and there are many other slight but excellent evidences that the argument is faulty. Vaca mentions eating a flour made of pine nuts. I will find his journal, Mr. Raymer. Take a seat by the table."

Raymer seated himself beside Teresa, and her father went to a farther corner for the journal.

"Tell me, Teresa," he said in a whisper, "what does this mean?"

"I do not know, Philip. Mamma went to the rancho yesterday to be gone until tomorrow, and papa asked me to meet him here this evening to examine this book."

Senor Valencia returned with a parchment covered volume and opened to a page from which he read:

" 'There are in that country small pine trees, and the seeds of them are like small eggs. While green they are beaten and made into balls, and thus eaten. If dry, they are pounded and consumed in the form of flour.' As the pinon does not grow in Texas, I feel convinced that Vaca passed through New Mexico."

This subject, requiring repeated references to the library shelves, formed the chief topic of conversation throughout the evening and was the means of showing Philip the strong bond of sympathy existing between father and daughter and something of the literary accomplishments of the beautiful girl. After a pleasant evening he left for his quarters, convinced that the Mexican father did not entertain the same objections to his suit as did the Mexican mother.

The following evening Raymer again went to the library, this time alone. Senora Valencia had returned, and her voice and Teresa's could be heard through the panel in the adjoining room. After a time the conversation ceased, and the piano struck up a soft prelude that soon dropped into an accompaniment to a crooning voice. At the close of the song he heard a grating at the aperture in the wall, and looking in that direction saw two dainty hands separate the curtains, disclosing the face of Teresa between.

"Hush!" said she. "I have but a few moments. Papa, mamma, Aunt Brigida and Father Gonzales are playing malilla in the sala. I knew you came here evenings from the first, for papa told me."

"Your father told you? Do you know, dear, I'm inclined since last night to believe he is hoping I'll carry you off? He knows now that I am in the library, and that you are in your music room, with only a movable panel between."

"I cannot understand it, Philip. He did not tell me not to tell mamma of our meeting last night, but I know he could not have expected me to, and he has said nothing himself."

"It is certainly odd," said Raymer. "He has drawn off the domestic and ecclesiastic cats tonight and left the mouse to her own devices."

"Have you any plans, Philip?"

"Plans! Little else but plans. The difficulty is to carry them out. Can you leave the house Tuesday evening?"

"Yes; I can come into the library through this window."

"Then at 9 o'clock Tuesday evening we will meet here and go to the house of Mateo Vicentio, an alcalde. He has promised to perform the marriage service for us. I could not make an appointment for Monday. He is to be away."

"Does he know who is to be the—"

"Bride, dearest? No; I have not told him. Dress plainly and wear a veil. Perhaps it will not be necessary to give your name until the rite is completed."

"Sh-h-h! Somebody is calling," and the panel slid back.

Philip Raymer closed the curtains, resumed his seat and listened. Hearing no further sounds, he passed out, locked the door and repaired to his quarters.

Sunday the lieutenant saw the Alcalde Vicentio and secured a positive promise that he would perform the marriage ceremony between him and a Mexicana for a liberal fee and ask no questions. He said it would be necessary to know the girl's name in order to register and give a certificate, but that it need not be given until the end of the ceremony. Raymer assured him that the name would be given in full at the proper time. Satisfied that the alcalde would not fail him, he returned to the plaza, spending the evening with friends at the fonda.

Monday evening Philip reported what he had done to Teresa. It was arranged that they should meet in the library at half past 8 the following evening, go to the alcalde's, and after the marriage return home. Afterward, when pressed to set a day for the union with Ignacio, she was to declare herself the wife of Philip and show the certificate as evidence.

Tuesday came at last, and the young officer managed to worry through the day's duties until evening. After supper he walked along the barren, cactus bordered highway beyond the town, endeavoring to shorten the hours until the time appointed. Turning to retrace his steps, he had walked but a short distance when he heard the rapid galloping of a horse behind him, and presently the silver bespangled Ortega dashed past, evidently on his way to the Valencia mansion. "Bueno noche!" shouted the Mexican and disappeared around a turn.

Ten minutes before the time appointed Raymer entered the library. The moment which was to give him the treasure he had coveted for the past two years he felt was near at hand. The manner of securing it was not what he would have preferred, but there had been no other way. Teresa had said in their last interview that, her happiness and his being at stake and being of lawful age, she would not hesitate to take the step he urged; that it was herself and not her dear mother who was chiefly interested in the bestowal of her hand.

Half past 8 arrived and went by, and the silken curtains had not opened. Raymer began to fear the arrival of Ortega had confused his plans, and that Teresa would find it impossible to keep her appointment. He held his watch in his hand and saw the time creep slowly along to three-quarters past 8. He began walking nervously back and forward, gradually yielding to a feeling of despondency.

Within the house, in the sala, Teresa and Ortega were standing in a curtained recess before a window which looked into the placita. The young man was urging with all the eloquence of love and passion an early day for their union. Teresa responded by saying that she could not give him a promise that evening or name the day. Senora Valencia, Aunt Brigida and Senor Valencia looked on from other parts of the room, the two first impatiently and the last indifferently.

Teresa glanced at a clock on the mantel and picked a flower to pieces as she answered the pleading lover's arguments chiefly in monosyllables. At last she said decisively:

"No, Ignacio, I cannot answer you otherwise tonight. Come tomorrow evening, and I will reply. Give me one more day to consider your request. I will give you a definite answer tomorrow."

"Yes, carida, I will wait if you desire it."

Teresa thanked him and walked across the room to her father, who sat by the grate looking into the fire. Stooping beside him and placing an arm about his shoulders, she whispered, "Papa, dear."

"Yes, darling."

"I have met Philip Raymer in the library at other times besides the evening when you were present."

"I suspected it, dona mia."

"Oh, you dear papa," leaning forward to look into his eyes and kissing him rapturously. "And I am going to meet him there now."

"Yes, dear."

"You will not allow any one to think I am not in my room?"

"You shall not be disturbed, but do not stay too long. I will tell Ignacio to call on Father Gonzales as he rides through town and send him up for a game of malilla."

Teresa was half inclined to tell her father all, but refrained, and kissing him again she left the room.

In the library a half desperate young officer was crushing his hat upon his head, with a gesture of despair, when the panel moved aside and Teresa, wrapped in a black reboso, appeared between the curtains. Raymer lifted her to the floor and held her in his arms while she explained the cause of her delay. But she said nothing of her father's knowledge of her visits to the library.

"Keep up your courage, darling," said Philip as he turned to lock the door after they had passed out. "Everything will turn out as we desire."

"It must, Philip, or I can never forgive myself for so deceiving mamma, but the alternative awaiting our failure to marry emboldens me to take this step. Are you sure you esteem me as much for doing this?"

"If it were possible, I esteem you the more, dearest, for I know what it is costing you."

"I am sure papa will forgive us. He has recently developed an extraordinary taste for mamma's favorite game, malilla, and is playing tonight with the others, as if purposely affording us this opportunity."

"Perhaps he is. Let us hope to be soon forgiven by both your father and mother."

The young couple hurried through the unlighted streets which bordered the plaza, for they feared to cross it lest they should be recognized by some of the numerous passers. They had nearly skirted the square when a huge dog sprang from a narrow alley and seized the skirt of Dona Teresa's dress. A vigorous cut and thrust from a foil like iron cane in the hands of the lieutenant sent the beast howling with pain to his kennel.

"Has he bitten you, dearest?" asked Philip as he sustained the trembling girl with his left arm.

"No. Only frightened me and torn my gown," was the reply.

"What a contrast between the natures of that useless monster and the gentle and intelligent Victoriana."

"They are excellent representatives of extreme types in canine life certainly."

"I wonder why I have not mentioned Vic before," continued Teresa. "I did not mention her when I met you in Santa Fe, nor since you came here until now."

"It is singular certainly, for you as well as I have good reason to remember her with gratitude. We would not be here but for the service she rendered us."

"I do not forget it. I often think of her and that Roca Grande experience. I sometimes dream of it, living through various desperate and cruel struggles with the Indians, but always, when all hope has fled and death seems inevitable, dear little Vic appears with the soldiers and rescues me. Why did you not bring her to Albuquerque?"

"She was absent with a hunting party," replied Raymer. "I received a letter from Mr. Reed two days ago saying he would send her down by Judge Benedict, who is soon to hold court here."

The lovers had now turned the second corner of the plaza, and threading a series of crooked and narrow streets on the side opposite the Valencia mansion reached the house of the alcalde. The lieutenant knocked, steps were heard within, the door opened, and Mateo Vicentio, light in hand, stood before them.

"Enter, Senor Teniente," said the alcalde, and Philip and his companion passed into the house. As they came into the brighter light of the interior Mateo looked with perplexed brows at the closely veiled lady. Something in her bearing, the texture and fit of her plain garments, awakened a suspicion that she was no ordinary person. He moved about, trying to obtain a plainer view of her features, until Raymer grew impatient.

"Well, we are here, Senor Alcalde," said he. "Where are your witnesses?"

"In the next room," was the reply.

"Then call them and go on with the marriage."

"I must first see the face of the lady."

"But you assured me that it would not be necessary until after the ceremony."

"Si, senor, if the senorita be a common person, but something in her manner convinces me that I ought to see her. I do not wish to get into trouble with Los Ricos."

"Marry us as you promised, and I will double the fee offered you."

"Ah, senor, you double my fears that something is wrong."

"You shall have three times the amount if you will only proceed at once."

"Si, senor, I will proceed, but I must first see the face of the lady."

Before Raymer could interpose or say anything further Teresa dropped the reboso upon her shoulders and pulled the veil from her face.

"Dona Teresa Inez Valencia!" exclaimed the astonished alcalde. "Valgame Dios, what an escape! No, Senor Teniente, I can have nothing to do with this."

The lieutenant attempted no remonstrance, but taking Teresa's hand he hurried her into the street.

"Let us try another justice, darling. It will do no harm, if no good, and we must hasten"—looking backward—"for Vicentio has started on a run in the direction of your home."

"It will be of no use, Philip. The alcaldes are all alike," replied the girl in a hopeless tone. "But I will go."

They moved quickly away, hand in hand, and soon came to the house of a second alcalde. He had gone to bed, and no amount of knocking could elicit any other response than: "Go away! Go away! Come again in the morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of a Relic Shown at Turin.

Visitors to Turin who have seen the celebrated Chapel of St. Ludona, which adjoins the Royal palace, must have noticed on one of the altars a glass shade under which is placed a relic as a testimony of a miracle wrought. This medal has a story. In November, 1878, when King Humbert's life was attempted by Passanante at Naples, Queen Margherita wore fastened to a chatelaine at her waist a small silver horn, which Italians wear against the jettatura, or evil eye. Just at the moment when the would be murderous attack took place Queen Margherita was seized with such terrible convulsions that she held this little silver ornament so tightly in her hand that it left an impression in her soft white fingers, and only after several hours could it be moved, when it was religiously preserved.

Among the various ways in which the sovereign wished to show her gratitude to the Madonna for having saved her husband's life was to have the silver horn made into a medal, on one side of which was engraved, "Per Grazia Recevuta," and under the date, on the other side, in small letters, "Salve Regina." This medal is now dedicated to the royal chapel at Turin.—London Society.

Effective Courtesy.

There's a bit of courtesy extended in at least one of the biggest dry goods stores in the city in the way of receipting bills that does not pass unappreciated by those fortunate enough to receive it.

In the office of this store there is at least one employee whose services must be valuable to the firm. Every receipted bill that comes from his hand is inscribed with a simple "Thank you!" in the right hand corner.

The words, unimportant in themselves, have a magic effect upon the patrons of the store and invoke a kindly feeling that surely must induce them to return again, and again make purchases where paying bills even is a pleasure, because there is some consideration shown the debtor.

Courtesy goes a great way in this world and is a valuable adjunct to one's character.—Buffalo News.

The West End.

Why is it that in most of the cities of the world fashion makes its home in the northwestern quarter? Why is it that the "west end" is so often the aristocratic section of the city and "east side" and "south side" so often the residence of the poorer classes? It is a fact, and there is a ruling cause for it. Is it this—that the prevailing winds of the earth are northwesterly? They are in general northwesterly, and their tendency is to blow the dust, smoke and odors of a city to its eastern or southern side. This makes the opposite quarter the more desirable for residence. — Philadelphia Press.

An Awful Threat.

"John," said Mrs. Bossman, "it is time you were in bed. If you don't turn the light down, the first thing you know the baby will be awake."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bossman. "The light won't wake him."

"No, but I'll wake him myself."

The prospect was too appalling. He meekly did as he was bid.—Cincinnati Tribune.

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

Their Influence May Be Determined by the Law of Probabilities.

A great deal of sophistry has been wasted in vain attempts to prove that there is no such thing as luck, good or bad; that nothing happens by chance, all results coming from some definite cause. Even though the latter statement could be proved or should be admitted, it would not preclude the existence of luck to the individual.

That which occurs, favorable or unfavorable to him, from any cause beyond his control, is good luck, and there is no doubt that luck plays some part in the history of every one, but it is of much less importance than the idle or indifferent suppose. The individual may or may not take advantage of the fortuitous circumstances or luck which he meets. That depends on himself, his abilities, his industry, his boldness, his character, a thousand qualities of mind or person. Moreover, as one cannot control luck, the important thing in life is to prepare oneself to meet it and turn it to some account. Those who lay too much stress upon luck seldom deserve good fortune. They are indolent, without enterprise or zeal, and spend their time in complaining of their own hard luck or in envious consideration of the good luck of others.

Lowell in one of his essays says that "luck may and often does have some share in ephemeral successes, as in a gambler's winnings, spent as soon as got, but not in any lasting triumph over time." It is of course conceivable that an ephemeral success, arising from luck, may lay the foundation for lasting success due to hard labor and deserving, but the rule is that unearned advantages cannot be held; the winner is not fitted by training and habits to hold fast to that which he has gained. Cobden pictures the subject truly, so far as young men are concerned, when he says that "luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something." The last sentence is one of great significance to the young.

Much that is called luck is not really such, but follows deserving. Real luck is a mere matter of chance, upon which we can no more depend for a living or for advancement than upon the turn of a card. He who would command a good fortune must depend upon his own industry and character. He may meet with hard fortune, it is true, but industry, zeal, honesty, will surely lift him out of it in the long run, and if not his fortune cannot be altogether bad when he retains to the end his honor and independence. The young may properly recognize that there is such a thing as luck, but they should place no dependence on it, but think only of fitting themselves to make good use of it if it should come their way. The chances which may come to every one and which are wholly beyond control are innumerable, but he who speculates upon them will lose as surely as the gambler, or, when he wins, show a gambler's recklessness in getting rid of his winnings.

There is a German proverb that "luck seeks those who flee and flees those who seek it." The wise man will therefore not seek it, but moving through the world as though no such thing existed will depend upon his own intelligence, his own industry, his own good purposes to command fortune. Thus, self reliant, he will be ready on the instant to take advantage of any fortuitous circumstances to further his designs or be equally ready to avoid or overcome the "hard luck" that would overwhelm one who was not thus fortified.—Baltimore Sun.

A Musical Dickens.

The appearance of the novelist's elder sister as pianist on the stage of Drury Lane theater has not, I think, been noticed by any writer. Her name occurs in the playbill on the occasion of Harley's benefit, May 29, 1827, among the performers in a concert introduced between the pieces, and supported by Miss Stephens, Miss Fanny Ayton and others. She was announced thus: "Miss Dickens of the Royal Academy of Music, the celebrated pupil of Mr. Moscheles, will perform her master's 'Recollections of Ireland.' "

For the same actor's benefit, in the following year, she played "Anticipations of Scotland," also by Moscheles. Harley appears to have been an early friend of the Dickens family, and it was probably to his interest that Dickens owed the production of his plays at the St. James theater, which happened while Harley was stage manager there. —Notes and Queries.

A Fairly Big Fish.

Paddy has been telling the story of a big pike he caught, too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ojous baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" Then a description of the biggest. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure, I can't tell to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On this incredulity, but Paddy "clinched the matter and silenced all controversy" by adding, "Wid his hat on."—Angler's Evenings.

Dangers of Figurative Speaking.

"Mrs. Brigham is a charming woman," said a visitor to Salt Lake City.

"Yes," said her husband enthusiastically. "My wife is one of a thousand."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "I didn't suppose you ever went in as steep as that, and I had understood that of late years polygamy had been abolished anyway."—Somerville Journal.

Use Milk For Burns.

Milk has been found to possess remarkable healing qualities if applied to burns at an early stage. Compresses are soaked in milk and laid on the burn, to be renewed night and morning.—Philadelphia Record.

Ears.

"I don't know whether there is any such science as aurology," said a young lady of observation, "but I find it a very safe and useful thing to take note of my friends' ears. I haven't yet got so far in my studies as to formulate a fixed set of rules for the reading of character by the size, shape and convolutions of these funny little head handles of ours—in fact, my studies have been directed to one point, the top or apex of the ear. There's a whole world of telltale indications there, and it would be a good thing if young girls were to form the habit of casting a glance at that part of the anatomy of their callers and admirers and make a mental note for their own guidance by what they see there.

"If the top of the ear lies close to the head and the ridge is straight or only gently rounded, the young man that owns that kind of ear may be counted on as being eminently proper and as harmless as a lamb. But if the top starts away from the head at a well defined angle and runs up to a point before turning down to become the back ridge of the ear—well, that young man had better be kept at a good safe distance. That's the faun ear, the satyr ear, and when those wise old Greeks and Romans gave to the capering companions of the nymphs of the woods goat legs and goat ears they knew what they were about. Men haven't changed one whit either, and that point to the ear is just as full of character and warning today as it was when Bacchus was doing business at the old sign of 'The Rollicking Rams.' "—New York Sun.

The Gentry of Colonial Maryland.

The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village whereof the memory is dear to every son of the soil, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted and their chambers comfortably bedded. Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury, but sack and cider and punch flowed freely.

Witness the facetious instructions of Governor Calvert to Colonel Price to bring certain articles to Fort St. Inigoe's for the use of the soldiers: "And upon motion of sack the said governor bade him bring sack, if he found any." In the early records of the province there is more sack than Falstaff's drawer ever scored. The colonial gentry dispensed ardent spirits at funerals and clinked the sack cup at christenings, and they affected signet rings with their leather breeches and boot hose. Cattle stealing was not in fashion. Only a sheriff of Kent was once charged with that offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted. Neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.—"Old Maryland Homes and Ways" in Century.

A Rare Vegetable.

In closing his ground the truffler is guided by the time of year, the character of the soil and his own judgment and experience, says a London journal. On familiar beats he knows exactly where to go, and in a strange country is guided by certain general principles. Where fern and bracken grow, where furze is plentiful, where there are reeds and rushes, wherever the land is moist and sour, it is hopeless to expect truffles. They love a light soil and yet never attain any size or perfection on a poor one. By far the greatest quantity are obtained under the shadow of beech trees, but very fine specimens are often found under the cedar, especially in avenues and grounds where the land has been well trenched. The lime is another good tree for them, and so is the evergreen oak. In France the oak is their favorite tree. Early in the season—that is to say, in September and October—quantities are to be obtained on the roadsides (sometimes in ground so hard it would need a pickax to open it) on railway embankments and on the outsides of copses and covers. Later, when leaves have fallen and the sun is able to penetrate glade and thicket, the inside beds are most productive. They do not come under very young trees and disappear entirely from old woods.

Hunting In Great Britain.

Although a good many of those whose apparent desire it is to curtail or destroy the sports and amusements of others would have it otherwise, it is a fact that hunting, whether of stag, fox or hare, is in a more flourishing condition at the present moment than it ever was before. There are now no fewer than 22 packs of staghounds in the United Kingdom, 188 of foxhounds and nearly 200 of harriers and beagles, while in each succeeding year followers of hounds get more numerous until it has actually become a serious question with some masters, How can we keep down our fields?

The cub hunting season, which is practically at an end, has, excepting with the Earl of Yarborough's and a few other packs, been scarcely so successful as usual, owing to the dry state of the ground and consequent lack of scent, but the great desideratum was rain, and now that we have had that in abundance the prospects of the regular season are rosy.—London Telegraph

Munkacsy's Customer.

It is not generally known that the first patron of Michael Munkacsy, known to the world as the painter of "Christ Before Pilate," was an American, a gentleman from Philadelphia, who passed through Dusseldorf when Munkacsy was a young and struggling artist. The American became convinced that the young Hungarian's pictures had merit. He bought one, took it to Paris and sent it to the salon, where it was promptly placed and attracted a great deal of attention.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 5, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"A Way to Win a Woman."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Wards and James.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New Black Crook."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Primrose and West's Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The Nominee."

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Kid."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TO OUR READERS AND FRIENDS.

Today THE CITIZEN begins the fourteenth year of its existence. It started in life when the cause of Irish independence seemed more hopeful than for half a generation preceding it, and now, after thirteen years, that cause seems to have, for the moment, fallen almost out of public notice. But it is not, therefore, dead. The virtue, the patience and the courage that so often awakened it to new life before can, if energetically exercised, place it again in the forefront of the world's consideration.

But it cannot be done by following the present public lines of action. The Irish Parliamentary party is a thoroughly demoralized body, without cohesion or a settled purpose of any kind, except it be to keep the Whigs in office. The section of it that professes a policy of independent parliamentary action is too weak to be of any significance in that (for Ireland) place of skulls and den of thieves, the British house of commons. The only chief who might have led the Irish people to a partial victory on "moral force" lines, abandoned and dethroned by a majority of those he raised to prominence and power, is cold in the grave. All that was respectable and potent in parliamentary agitation died with him. That kind of agitation, at the present time, means the obtaining from the Whigs of petty offices for the Queen's Irish who have abandoned nationality for provincialism.

We have only to begin the good work for Ireland over again, on honest and vigorous lines. It has become an absolute necessity for the Irish race, wherever placed, to organize anew, in the face of the nations, and declare by their proper representatives, the purpose that animates them, the resolve to continue unflinchingly the struggle for Ireland's manifest birthright—complete independence. As long as the English connection, in any shape, remains, so long will Ireland be misgoverned, degraded and impoverished. The British mean to depopulate her. It has been their programme since the days of Elizabeth.

In this country, at least, the Irish element has increased, not diminished, since THE CITIZEN was established. The national spirit, however, has declined, but it can be easily augmented. If asked for what purpose should the Irish be openly and generally organized throughout the world, we reply, In order to take advantage of England's adversity, and to force from her, in her hour of peril, by whatever means we may create, through organization, the liberty that she so disdainfully refuses to the emphatically expressed will, thrice repeated, of the vast majority of the Irish people. We do not advocate the prompting of a partial insurrection; the hatching of an insignificant and ineffectual raid on some British outpost, but the grouping of all our forces, so that when war comes between England and any first class power, we may be able to negotiate with the latter for armed assistance, as Wolfe Tone negotiated with France in 1796. No power would treat with contempt the overtures of a powerful, and universal, Irish organization, based on common sense and practicable methods. It may be argued that England may remain at peace. This is improbable, as her ever growing greed for territory and markets is sure to embroil her with some jealous rival, but, even if she should not be compelled to fight, a great organization, acting, so to speak, as an army of observation, would cause her to respect the wishes of the Irish people more than she does at present.

Many of you, as well as ourselves, have given manhood's early prime, and its maturer years also, to this cause, and to abandon it, because for the moment it is baffled, not so much by English skill as by Irish faction, would be contemptible and cowardly. As in the past, THE CITIZEN will uphold it with vigor and enthusiasm, but it must be sustained heartily and liberally in the struggle. It must not be left to fight the battle alone. Above it

Freedom's banner, torn but flying,
Streams, like a thunder storm,
Against the wind.

Therefore, close up the ranks, and face courageously the work that lies before us, and which may speedily take practicable shape, without fear of any power of light or darkness to thwart our mission.

For Ireland's good old cause, then, friends,
Gird up your loins anew.
Nor flinch that we've failed, as yet,
Our missioned work to do:
The fix'd faith and stubborn strength
That strive unto the end,
Can wrest from tyrant's liberty—
Salvation from the fiend!

LORD ROBERTS ON WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO.

General Lord Roberts, the distinguished Anglo-Irish soldier, generally considered the best commander England possesses today, concluded in the January number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* the series of interesting articles on "The Rise of Wellington," which had been running for some time. His estimate of the Iron Duke differs somewhat from that formed by General Wolseley. He places Wellington in the very first rank of great generals, "equal, if not superior, to Napoleon," which seems to us, absurd. Victor Hugo's estimate of the Duke was pretty nearly correct. "Waterloo," says Hugo, in Les Miserables, "was a battle of the first rank won by a captain of the second." Indeed, it is impossible to deny to Wellington a place beside Turenne, Conde, Marlborough, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Marshal Luxemburg, Von Moltke, Grant and Lee, but nobody but an extreme military partisan, like Lord Roberts, would have the audacity to align him beside Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick and Napoleon. The great African and the great Corsican were, perhaps, the most gifted, and the most unfortunate, of that quintette of conquerors, but they are not the less interesting on that account.

Wellington won great victories, it is true, and he had good troops to win them with. Probably a better army, for its numbers, was never placed in the field than that which began its career of glory at Rolica, in 1808, and ended it at Toulouse, in 1814. The Duke's most brilliant strategic triumphs were the battle of the Douro, which drove Soult out of Oporto; the battle of Salamanca, where he rendered nugatory, by a bold forward movement at the right moment, the splendid flank march of Marmont, and the battle of Vitoria, where he demolished the army of Marshal Jourdan and forced King Joseph Bonaparte to fly for safety to Bayonne. In nearly all the other Peninsular battles, the French held their own pretty well, often, too, with inferior numbers, when the Spanish and Portugese contingents—depreciated by interested British writers—are taken into account. If we are to believe the British authorities, the Iberian troops, except, in a few instances, the Portugese, never did much valuable service during the protracted war. And yet it was a Spanish army that compelled the surrender of General Dupont, with 20,000 men, at Baylen, and it was a Portugese force, aided by British, that forced General Junot to sign the convention of Cintra. These were the only two instances in the war where French generals were compelled to make capitulation in the field. Napoleon disgraced Dupont, but, on account of extenuating circumstances, pardoned Junot. The city of Saragossa was gloriously defended by its Spanish inhabitants, without the aid of a single foreigner, and, as at Limerick, in 1690, the women of the place gained as much glory as the men:

When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger,
And if her lover press the plain
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

Yes, the bravest of the French, in the first siege of Saragossa, were "foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall."

It has been the habit of British writers, and we are sorry to observe that the gallant Roberts is not an exception, to underrate the valor and the prowess of their allies. Thus, like all of his class, the General claims for the British the lion's share of the sacrifice and the daring at Waterloo. Nobody wants to deny the bravery of the British troops. Their steadiness in that battle was phenomenal, but the meed of praise for heroic intrepidity belongs to the defeated French. Nor were the allies of the British—excepting one disaffected Belgian cavalry regiment—a whit less steady than they. If the English squares remained "rooted in the ground" before the tremendous shock of the Fredch cuirassiers, so also did the Hanoverian, the Nassau, the Brunswick and the Dutch-Belgic battalions. A Hanover regiment held the farm of La Haye Sainte against the boldest efforts of Ney until every man, except a major and two privates, was put to the sword. Nor were the English regiments, as Lord Roberts seems to insinuate, all untried. The 27th and 28th, the 30th and 33d, the 42d Highlanders and the 52d of the Line; the 69th foot and the 92d Highlanders all bore on their flags the names of many victories. So also with the cavalry divisions under Paget, Ponsonby, and Somerset. Nearly all the great Peninsular captains were there also—Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir James Kempt, Sir Dennis Pack and the rest. Ross had died at North Point and Pakenham at New Orleans.

Here is the official return of British troops actually engaged at Waterloo:

INFANTRY.

First Division—Gen. Cooke, four regiments of foot Guards.

Second Division—Gen. Clinton; the 52d, 71st and 95th regiments.

Third Division—Gen. Alten; 30th, 33d, 69th and 73d regiments.

Fourth Division—Gen. Colville; 14th, 23d and 51st regiments.

Fifth Division—Gen. Picton; 28th, 32d, 79th, 95th, 1st, 42d, 44th and 92d regiments.

Sixth Division—Gen. Lambert; 4th, 27th, 40th and 81st regiments.

CAVALRY.

1st and 2d Life Guards and the Blues, Gen. Somerset.

1st Dragoon Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 2d Dragoons (Scot's Grays), 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, Gen. Ponsonby.

Light Brigade, Earl of Uxbridge, 11th, 12th, 16th and 23d Light Dragoons; 1st, 10th and 18th Hussars.

Detached toward Halle, and took no part in the battle, the 35th, 54th, 59th and 91st foot; and the 2d, 7th and 18th Hussars and 13th Light Dragoons, under Gen. Sir C. Grant.

It will be seen from the list of regiments that the English claim relative to their untried condition is ridiculous.

It has been repeatedly asserted that Napoleon's Waterloo army was composed entirely of veterans. This is a great error. Thousands of conscripts filled the ranks, even to those of the Young and Middle Guards. The Old Guard and the Cuirassiers were veterans to a man, but some of the choicest of the French troops were guarding the frontier with Suchet, Augereau and Massena, or else employed in putting down a Bourbonist insurrection in La Vendee. Unlike Wellington, Napoleon was unfortunate in not having around him his trustiest marshals. Soult and Ney alone remained to him of those originally appointed. Grouchy was a new, and, as it turned out, a fatal creation. Had Gerard or Vandamme commanded over, instead of under, him, Blucher would never have debouched on the flank of Napoleon at St. Lambert, when the crisis came at Waterloo. The glorious Davoust, who, almost on his knees, begged to be taken along was left by the Emperor in charge of the War portfolio at Paris. Had he only been in command at Gembloux when the cannon thundered at Mont St. Jean! Notwithstanding, the French shot or sabred 23,000 of the allied army before the star of Napoleon sank in that ocean of blood on June 18, 1815.

General Roberts is inaccurate when he states that the British loss at Waterloo was 8,460, while the Prussian loss was about 7,000. Following are the statistics of the forces present at the battle and the losses sustained by each, taken from the official records, preserved in Maxwell's Life of Wellington and Pof. H. R. Clinton's Peninsular War—both British authorities:

	French.	*British.*	*Hanov.*	*Bruns*
Inf	48,840	15,418	10,256	4,908
Cav	15,400	5,877	497	885
Art	6,188	4,094	240	625
	70,428	25,389	10,995	6,418
Guns	240	78	12	16

	King's German Legion. (English pay.)	*Nassau.*	*D'tch-Belg*
Inf	3,900	2,926	13,343
Cav	2,268	.....	1,105
Art	625	.....	900
	6,793	2,926	17,439
Guns	18	.....	40

Total French	70,428 men	240 guns
Total British and Allies	69,969 men	164 guns

Following is the graduated strength of the Prussian army, debouching, because of Grouchy's stupidity, or worse, on the French right flank at different periods of the battle:

	4:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	7 p.m.
Infantry	12,180	26,200	30,910
Cavalry	2,720	6,000	7,670
Artillery	1,646	2,032	2,306
	16,546	44,232	49,886
Guns	83	107	123

This new army was met by Count Lobau's corps, the Young Guard, under General Duhesme, and a body of dragoons under General Domont, all of whom were previously in reserve to aid in forcing the British centre. How desperately they fought is best evidenced by the Prussian returns of killed, wounded and missing, as will be seen further on. In point of fact, the Prussian loss exceeded the British loss proper on this bloody field. Bulow, whose corps did not fight at Ligny, led the flank movement, and he was subsequently seconded by Ziethen and Pirch. The following statistics of the losses are given as official by Prof. Clinton, and go to show that, if volume of blood, shed in combat, counts for anything, Waterloo was a German, not an English, victory:

	British.	*Ger. Leg.*	*Hanov.*	*Bruns.*
Killed	1,417	362	294	154
Wounded	4,923	1,009	1,008	456
Missing	582	218	210	50
	6,892	1,589	1,602	660

	Nassau.	*Dutch-Belg'n*	*Pruss'n*
Killed	254	166	1,255
Wounded	389	2,041	4,387
Missing	....	1,627	1,356
	643	3,994	6,948

Thus, leaving out the missing, for one Belgian regiment, as already stated, left the field, we find as follows:

British killed and wounded	6,340
German killed and wounded	9,638
Dutch-Belgian killed and wounded	2,517
German-Dutch-Belg. plurality of loss	5,835

Or nearly as many more of the allies as the British total loss! And yet Waterloo, according to the assumption of British writers, Lord Roberts included, was exclusively a British victory!

The French loss, exclusive of prisoners, was about 30,000 men.

General Roberts is not an ardent admirer of Wellington's personal character, and considers him "overrated as a man and underrated as a commander." In this connection he says: "Possessed of many admirable qualities, Wellington gained the esteem and confidence, but not the affection, of his soldiers. By nature reserved and unsympathetic—perhaps a little selfish—he regarded his army in the light of a fighting machine. When its task was performed and peace established, he ceased to associate with the officers who had been most intimately connected with him in the field, and he did little or nothing to promote the welfare of his soldiers, or to make the nation understand what a debt of gratitude it owed them." Indeed, Lord Roberts, in the course of his concluding paper, intimates that the great Anglo-Irish warrior was a good deal of a social snob, and catered to the "four hundred" of his day in a manner that would have done credit to any mere carpet knight. He hardly ever invited even such martial heroes as Lord Anglesea, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir Lowry Cole, or General Pack to Apsley House, but preferred instead the fashionable young dudes and dudeens of that generation.

MR. MEDILL, "THE CITIZEN" AND THE "SCOTCH-IRISH."

Our excellent friend the Hon. Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, in last Monday's issue of that journal, published on the editorial page under the caption, "What Is the Matter With "Scotch-Irish?" the following:

"The last number of THE CITIZEN has the following:

THE "SCOTCH-IRISH" B. D.

"'We print elsewhere a speech by the Hon. John S. Wise of Virginia before the Congregational club of the city. It is very interesting, and would be more pleasing if Mr. Wise had refrained from dragging in the Scotch-Irish issue in connection with the names of several presidents of the United States. Mr. Wise and all others are welcome to call those historic persons Scotchmen and be done with it. Ireland doesn't care a rap about their semi-filial claim on her. She has enough heroes and geniuses of the full blood to boast of without going a begging for the spawn of Scotch settlers in Ulster. Such of the latter as want to be known simply as Irishmen, like Richard Montgomery, Henry Monroe, Henry Joy McCracken, John Mitchel, and their ilk, are welcome to Ireland's heart. The Scotch-Irish who have pride in that title can go to the devil for all that Ireland or the Irish care about them.'

"It is difficult to understand why Mr. Finerty should find fault continually with those most accurately descriptive words, 'Scotch-Irish.' He has no objection to Mr. Wise calling Andrew Jackson a Scotchman, but he must not call him an Irishman or a Scotch-Irishman. But as the compound has been used in this country for more than a century and a half to describe a certain element of the American population it will continue in use after the objector has been gathered to his fathers.

"The population of Ireland is divided into three parts. Race and religious differences coincide, and thus make distinguishing names all the more necessary. By far the largest part of the population consists of persons who are Roman Catholics and whom Mr. Finerty would call Celts. They are homogeneous enough now, but they were originally a mixture of many races. When the first Celtic occupants crossed over from the opposite English coast they found the island already tenanted. Some of the aborigines they killed off. Others were absorbed. Later on came other Celts. There is also a Spanish admixture, and it is probable that in some sections the early Norse settlers became blended with the Celtic mass. The Celtic element is so largely in the majority, however, that when a person is spoken of as Irishman it is fair to assume that he was born in Ireland, is of Celtic descent, and probably is a Roman Catholic.

"Two and a half centuries ago there was a large migration from Scotland to the eastern counties of Ulster. Most of these emigrants were lowland Scots, and were of Danish or Norwegian rather than of Celtic ancestry. They were also Presbyterian. They have remained from that day to this a distinct element. They have not been swallowed up as many of the early English settlers were. They have retained their religion and their distinguishing race traits. They differ in so many respects from the other inhabitants of the island that it is absurd to lump them all under one common name. If they are not called Scotch-Irish they must be called Ulstermen or Antrim or Londonderry Irishmen.

"There was also an English settlement in and around Dublin called the Pale, and among the descendants of those English settlers Episcopalianism predominates. There are persons born in Ireland whom it might be proper to describe as English-Irish, but they have not the marked individualism of either the Irish-Irish or Scotch-Irish.

"The latter began coming to this country 180 years ago. They have been known as Scotch-Irish about ever since they came. They have spread wonderfully, at the North, South, and West. At home they have shown their industrial capacity by building up Belfast, the largest Irish city. They have shown it here at Pittsburg, one of their chief American centres, and elsewhere. In the arts of war and peace, in the pulpit and in politics, they have manifested great abilities.

"Doubtless Mr. Finerty speaks only for himself. The majority of the people of Ireland who accepted so willingly the leadership of the English-Scotch-Irishman Parnell are well pleased to claim as fellow-countrymen all the Scotch-Irishmen of Ireland or of America. They will not say, 'You are Scotchmen; get out.' Nor will they say that the Celts of Ireland and America have a patent on the word 'Irish' and that no one can use that word singly or compounded without their permission. 'Scotch-Irish' cannot be driven out of the English language."

THE CITIZEN objects to the term Scotch-Irish, because it is a cowardly and unnecessary designation, and indicates that the persons who use it would be Scotch, if they could only get rid of the misery of their Irish birth. The Scotch colony in Ireland came over there chiefly in the days of James I, not as honest settlers, but as confiscators and plunderers. They possessed themselves, after the exile of O'Neill and O'Donnell, who had fought heroically against Elizabeth, from 1595 to 1603, of the fairest lands in Ulster, without paying a penny to the original owners. Their seed have been nearly three centuries in Ireland, and are no more digested, in the national sense, than the sole of an old shoe in a cow's stomach. After almost three centuries in Ireland, these contemptible people are as little of Irishmen today as when the first English Stuart, with true Stuart ingratitude, robbed his murdered mother's friends in order to reward her foes.

We have no evidence that Andrew Jackson ever called himself anything else than an American of Irish parentage. At all events, he laid out Pakenham, who was a kind of a Scotch-Irishman, at New Orleans, and his victory in a measure compensated for the burning of Washington by that other Scotch-Irish fire-bug, Major-Gen. Ross, to whom the Scotch-Irish of his neighborhood have erected a monument in Rostrevor, county Down.

We have heard a great many sneaks in this country say, as if by way of apology, "Oh *I* was born in the North of Ireland. *I* am Scotch-Irish." What can be meaner? They are afraid to be considered Irish, and, more especially, Catholic Irish. Yet we have known some Scotch-Irish in this city who educated their daughters, in part at least, at Catholic convents.

Mr. Medill is in error when he says the Lowland Scots, who came as highwaymen into Ulster, were mainly of Scandinavian origin. Their names disprove it. Mr. Medill's own name is as Celtic as that of Finerty, but he does not give it the proper orthography, as some of his kinsmen do, in this country. The only material difference, physically, that we have been able to observe between the "Scotch-Irish" and the real Irish is that the former are, in many respects, an inferior breed of men, hard, crabbed, delicate of frame and with a great tendency to develop red hair. The latter characteristic may go far toward establishing their piratical descent. The red-headed stage Irishman must have been, originally, a product of King James' Ulster.

The Anglo-Irish, with all their faults, are willing to be known as Irishmen. Mr. Parnell would have laughed consumedly at Mr. Medill's polyglot description of his pedigree. He was Irish, in feeling, from his toe-nails up, and hated Scotch-Irishmen with a peculiar ferocity.

The Scotch-Irish are great people for blowing their own horns, and also for claiming much that does not belong to them. Mr. Medill is further in error when he says that Mr. Finerty stands alone in his opinion. We quote, for his benefit, the following observations from the Boston *Pilot* of the 29th ult., in reply to the Rev. John Hall, of New York, who has also been letting himself loose on the Scotch Irish question:

"'Prof Henry Fulton, the steamboat builder,' whom Dr. Hall classes as a Ssotch-Irishman, was a son of a Kilkenny man, and his name was not Henry but Robert. If Dr. Hall had looked up an encyclopædia before making out his imaginative list, he would have avoided such trifling little discrepancies; but in that case he would also have had no list of illustrious Scotch-Irishmen to make out. Dr. Hall is not the only industrious composer of Scotch-Irish history. There is, or used to be, a whole society engaged in the same pursuit. It held annual meetings, at the first of which they had 'the harp of Tom Moore' on the platform. How surprised Moore would have been to learn that he was a Scotchman! Phil Sheridan, could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, would probably use some trooper talk when he saw his name credited to the same bogus race; but the most flagrant attempt at that kind of theft, until Dr. Hall claimed about all the great names in American history, was that of a British-American ignoramus, a couple of years ago, who wrote of 'that gifted Scotch-Irish poet, John Boyle O'Reilly.' * * * History of the ordinary kind places the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland in the twelfth century, and, as all the world knows, the valiant race who had conquered England a century before, soon became 'more Irish than the Irish themselves.' According to Dr. Hall, the lean and hungry settlers planted by King James in Ulster three hundred years ago, never assimilated themselves as the gallant Normans did, with the native people, and their descendants to this day are Scotch. Fortunately, it is not necessary to take Scotch-Irish history seriously, remembering the thousands of Ulster Presbyterians who fought for Ireland in '98; but if we were to accept his estimate of his compatriots, it would take some centuries to make good Americans out of a race so tenacious of its nationality. The history of Ireland and the history of America both disprove his libel on the Scotch and Irish character."

It does not follow that because a man has a Celtic name he must, therefore, be a Roman Catholic, as Mr. Medill insinuates. Irishmen of English descent are among the most vehement members of that church, while some of its most bitter revilers are undoubted Celts. In fact a renegade Celt is a curse to his kind. The Scotch-Irish are, for the most part, renegade Celts, like Macaulay, the alleged "English" historian, who took a malignant pleasure in fouling his own nest. We don't mean to infer that Mr. Medill is a renegade, but he ought to be a good deal more aggressively Celtic than he is, considering the immense power he wields as a journalist. He does not, it is true, allow America to be called an Anglo-Saxon, but a Celto-Saxon country, and he has always been a good friend of Ireland and the Irish. That is the reason why we cannot understand his attitude on the Scotch-Irish question, because the Scotch-Irish are unfriendly to Ireland, as a majority, and, in the American sense, at least since the Revolution, have done nothing to elevate them as a class above the heads of their fellow citizens of other races. A little modesty and liberality would go a great way toward making them a better people than they are. A diet of sweet oranges, instead of the bitter ones they have been eating since the siege of Derry, would greatly improve them mentally, morally and physically.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

The whole Irish race will be sorry to learn of the death of honest John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb., who held the office of president of the Irish National League of America, so long and so honorably. A biographical sketch of this excellent Irishman is given elsewhere. Mr. Fitzgerald was distinguished not more by his patriotism than by the simplicity of his nature and the kindness of his heart. He loved Ireland with filial devotion, but, like all the true men of his race, was enthusiastically attached to this, his adopted country. He lived to see the cause he labored for fall from its high estate, and sink once again in a sea of troubles, mostly of native creation. Notwithstanding, his enthusiasm did not flag, and he died with the hope of many a patriot before him that—

In some day to come the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

Mr. Fitzgerald has left behind him a reputation without a blemish, and a memory that his countrymen, and all who knew him, will ever hold in honor.

Like others of the Geraldine race
As torrents mould the earth
He channeled deep old Ireland's heart
By constancy and worth.

Above his tomb may well be written "Here lies an honest man, the noblest work of God."

A REMARKABLE ENGLISH ADMISSION.

Some of the English newsapers are beginning to notice the great diminution in the population of Ireland. This is truly wonderful, if not miraculous. The diminution has been going on steadily for fifty years, and John Bull is just awake to the situation! Lord John Russell, who was a typical Whig, attributed all Ireland's ills to a "surplus population." When he became prime minister, he showed he was sincere in his theory. He allowed a million and a half of people to die of famine, or famine typhus, and caused millions to deport themselves to every quarter of the globe, but particularly to America. Now the population is down nearly to where Lord Russell wanted it, and still the people are not much better off. The country looks deserted. The chapels are lonesome. The cross roads that, on Sunday afternoons, used to witness the dance, and the fields that used to accommodate the hurlers, are deserted. Where are all those strapping "boys" and pretty colleens we used to know in our early days?

Some are in the churchyard laid—
Some sleep beneath the sea.

Others are scattered to the four winds of heaven. Croagh Patrick still lifts his tall crest to heaven, sentinelling Clew Bay, as he did in the days of the great snake-destroying apostle; the Twelve Pins frown in their majesty on the deep Connemara lakes; "the heath-brown Slieve Bloom and the Galtees" look down on Tipperary's vales with as proud a mien as when Cashel of the Kings was in its pride and prime; Mourne and Slieve Donard cast their shadows on many a scene of old Ulster's glory; and Mount Leinster seems as stately as when King Art MacMourough, the scourge of the Plantagenets, encamped at its base, but the people are gone—for the most part—at least the young and the strong and the aspiring. And, after all, the people are the country. Mountains and rivers, rocks and soil are but the material parts—the people are the soul of the land. When Venice lost, for a time, her liberty, her exile sang,

Thou sunny ray of beauty
Oh whither hast thou flown?
My native land, why art thou
But water now and stone?

This is what England—the English connection—has done for Ireland and the Irish. There are, it is true, some people still left in the old island, but they are mostly those of tender years and the aged. Many young Irish men and women come to this country, or go elsewhere, without any good reason, except that they have "the roving spoonful of salt" in their veins. Those who

can do any way middling at home ought to stay there. We do not think that America always improves the Irish character, although it may the Irish condition. The Irish mind is so peculiarly constructed that, lacking the element of romance, which is almost inseparable from the Irish soil and air and sky, it becomes often hard and practical, more so even than that of the natives of this country. Some Irishmen grow wealthy here, but not the majority. The majority have to work hard, in a hard climate, and for remuneration that is certainly not enough to make up the difference between the hot sun and harsh breath of the North and the land which has been described as being "soft as a mother's smile and fruitful as God's love."

To be plain, America is not what it was ten or even five years ago. Work is becoming more difficult to find and wages is not improving. The new order of things that began in 1892, has produced almost European conditions on American soil. Unfortunately, the Irish settled in this country are by no means free from the charge of having helped, unintentionally, of course, to bring this state of affairs about. However, they will know better, and do better, the next time, for no class of people loves America more loyally, or would go farther to maintain her prosperity or her honor. But, at present, the best thing for the Irish in Ireland to do is to remain there—not to give up their fine old country to the British—their seed, breed and generation! How the English, even when poor, cling to English soil! We honor them for it, and we would honor them a great deal more if they would not, at the same time, insist on clinging to our soil—that is the soil where our fathers' bones are buried. The French love every sod of their native ground, and, though often tortured by straitened circumstances in some of the rural districts, where population is dense, furnish, we think, fewer emigrants than any nation of Europe. The Irish have now acquired the habit of emigration, and it is a restless and a bad habit—well enough in other days when there was plenty of fresh country to explore and plenty of land to be had for the asking.

Let us ask our fellow-countrymen who have had only a fair, rudimentary education, as farmers' sons: How do you better yourselves by becoming waiters, porters or even bartenders in America? Is not the sweet breath of your native heather purer, healthier, more inspiring than the atmosphere of America's crowed cities? Besides it is something to live in the land that bore you; to feel that, of right at least, you own it, and that it owes you a living. Some day, if you remain at home and grow stronger in numbers, it may be all your own—for numbers bring respect and victory. Stay at home, then; get married, like your honest fathers, and increase and multiply, according to God's ordinance, and in the good, old Irish fashion. Ireland would have been blotted out long ago, but for the grand productiveness of her people. "I am the mother of fifteen children, all living, and look at me still," said a fine old matron to us the other day. She was sixty, but she didn't look forty-five. It was to such mothers Napoleon alluded when in reply to Madame de Stael's question, "Who is the greatest woman in France?" he said "She that has borne the largest family." England, up to recent date, has been baffled by the Irish birth rate. We hope to see the record kept up in future.

We would say to the young Irish girls, particularly farmers' daughters who are still in Ireland, What does it profit you to come to America and work in a hotel, or else go out to service, or drudge for a few dollars a week in some metropolitan "sweat shop?" You are happier where you are, among your native hills, where your mothers have toiled and hoped and prayed for centuries. As a general thing, if you can live at all, you do not improve your condition by coming here. You may get a few more dollars, it is true, but you will lose much happiness and freshness of soul. Remember that all shores look blue, and generally inviting, in the far distance.

But here, at the last end of our remarks, is what the London *Daily News*, Whig organ, has to say about the waste of Ireland's people:

"Now the perverted ingenuity of man itself can hardly venture to start the proposition that a country can have been well governed which has become bared of nearly half its population within fifty years. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there had been no Irish famine—that there had never been an unjust eviction of a tenant—still, would not the fact that the population had been reduced to one-half during fifty years be enough to settle all question as to the government of that particular country? * * * Until Mr. Gladstone came into office in 1868 no act of parliament was ever introduced and passed spontaneously by an English government which had for its object the benefit of the Irish people according to Irish ideas. We certainly hope to see a time when the population of Ireland may begin once again to increase with the better development of of her soil under happier auspices than those of many years that followed the famine. Over-population is an evil indeed; yet it is not an evil to be much dreaded in any part of the Europe of our days which has a sea coast. But a population steadily dwindling as that of Ireland has been for so many years is simply a reproach to the system by which Ireland has so long been governed."

True for you, Englishman, and that is why we believe in kicking your countrymen, when we are able to do it, out of Ireland.

THE public meeting to advocate the preservation of the Lincoln Monument at Springfield in Central Music hall last Saturday evening was very successful. Judge Henry W. Blodgett, of the United States Court, presided. Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus read a poem, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Col. James A. Sexton, Fernando Jones and other well known citizens. Resolutions were introduced and adopted calling on the State Legislature to take prompt action in the matter.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Thou didst annex unto thine own
A world's colossal woe,
And tempered with compassion's moan
Its sorrow's tidal throe;
Its voiceless pain, its anguished groan,
To thine own grief did grow.

Shut from the joys that glint and swim
Like motes ephemeral
Where javelins of sun slant dim
Along life's narrow hall,
The gloom was thine that edged their rim
The shadow sheathing all.

Jove shaped thy spirit as a sea
To warring tempests given,
Its wide dominion ne'er to be
From harsh blasts wholly riven;
Nor breast from restless motion free,
Nor sky of storm-cloud shriven.

Such is the fate of things that boast
Stupendous magnitudes,
Their gates swing open to a host
Of fanged and fairy feuds,
And many a ghoul-faced, bat-winged ghost
Steals o'er their solitudes.

Content in storm or calm, I wis,
The shallow-hearted pool,
Contented with his trinkets is
The poor brain-blinded fool,
And he who plods acquires a bless
As toil's mechanic tool.

But they whose mental finger traced
The mental force a way,
Whose days in mounting gyves have paced
Through intellectual fray,
Whom all the gifts of genius graced
For all those gifts must pay,

The inward-digging eye will find
Where evil schemes unseen,
The analytic brain unbind
The bandages between
Truth's candor and the mask designed
To counterpart its mien.

When knowledge a reluctant wreath
Has tossed the conqueror,
It points how frail what stands beneath
Philosophies aver,
And how beyond the walls of death
Naught but conjectures stir.

Who fain would journey with the sun
Must course above the cloud,
Who fain with happiness would run
Must ride above the crowd;
Or mingling there must live as one
Whose toga is a shroud.

For he who mixes much with men
A heart to his must chain,
And link in love to others when
They have a common grain;
These frame a network that pour in
To the first heart their pain.

But out of constant grief some good
May round itself complete,
It may provoke us as it should
To laugh at pride's conceit,
And scorn to spread one wishful mood
To honor fortune's feet.

It teaches reason to grasp firm
The law of self-control,
And gather in life's active term
A sterling strength to roll
A sphere of worth from worth's own germ
Jove planted in the soul.

FATHER HAGAN'S LECTURES.

[*To the Editor.*]

PEORIA, Dec. 23.—The lecture tour of Rev. Father J. M. Hagan, on behalf of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, is pre-eminently successful. The Springfield (Ill.) *Morning Monitor* of Dec. 17, says: Last evening at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, after vespers, the celebrant of which was Rev. Father Lee, the large congregation present listened with the utmost attention to a rare intellectual treat in a splendid lecture on temperance by Rev. James M. Hagan, of Chicago. The lecturer opened by giving a general view of intemperance, showing its power and evil influence, its baneful effects upon society and how it undermines the home and religion. Its invasion of the young men of the land was then dwelt on.

Poverty was then shown to be mainly caused by the drink habit, at least four-fifths of those reduced to its straits being the victims of intemperance. Possessing, as Americans do, the best land on earth, with rarest advantages of soil and climate and a government wherein there is no caste, there should be no poverty, except in rare cases, and would be but little if it were not for intemperance. Continuing the reverend lecturer showed that vast expenses were entailed as the result of this most pernicious habit. As remedies for the evils so forcibly presented, the first and most strongly emphasized was personal total abstinece; second, a determined fight against drink and the drinking habit.

The lecturer appealed to all to take the pledge, and in response to his appeal at least 800 people took the pledge. The lecturer used clear, plain and forcible language, holding his large audience of 1,200 persons or more in rapt attention to the close. Anecdotes were given that convulsed with laughter those present, and in every way it was plain to be seen that the lecturer was master of his subject, its proper presentation and eminently successful in holding it. There was a large banner of Father Mathew and the American flag at the sanctuary railing, and the altars were decorated.

At Danville, Galesburg, Peoria and Chicago he aroused much enthusiasm, and pledged hundreds to total abstinence. Father Hagan is the Father Matthew of Illinois. State Secretary James L. Slattery, Peoria, Ill., will arrange for lectures by Father Hagan upon request of reverend pastors or societies in Illinois. J. L. SLATTERY, Secretary.

MR. JOHN BEEGAN.

A place of interest to all true Irish-American citizens of Chicago, and its tributary territory, is the flag, badge uniform and general regalia emporium of Mr. John Beegan, No. 228 South Halsted street. No house in the whole Union offers better goods or better inducements to Irish national Catholic and benevolent societies than Mr. Beegan's. THE CITIZEN cannot see the consistency or the principle of Western societies going to the East for their flags, badges, regalia or unforms, when they can obtain them just as good, and much more conveniently, from Mr. Beegan, who, in addition to being an enterprising and successful merchant, is also an upright American citizen and a patriotic Irish Nationalist. One of the first economic duties of every good citizen is to patronize home industries. All organizations who may need the classes of goods specified, should see or write to Mr. Beegan for prices before dealing with other firms. It may be well in this connection to state that Mr. Beegan makes a specialty of Ancient Order of Hibernian uniforms and other paraphernalia, and, because of his reasonable prices and the excellent quality of his merchandise, has secured a very large amount of the custom of that widely extended and influential body. Do not forget to deal with Mr. Beegan.

OBITUARY.

JAMES MANSFIELD CLEARY.

"Friend after friend departs
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here and ends."

These lines of Montgomery were most truly illustrated in the rather sudden demise, on Sunday, the 30th ult., of our old friend James Mansfield Cleary, who was interred on last Wednesday afternoon in the family burial ground at Calvary. Born in the parish of Kilcash, county Tipperary, under the shadow of rebel-creating Slievenamon, for nearly half a century, he spent the best and brightest of his days in this city, among a people who learned to admire his independence of character and who loved him for his noble and generous traits. Sprung from an ancient lineage, married to the sister of the genial and gifted Charles Kickham, it is small wonder that he loved the dear old land with a rugged devotion and tenderness. No better representative of the true Irish gentleman ever trod the prairies of Illinois. Proud, but not haughty, chivalrous, hospitable almost to a fault, he personified in his character and in his life the noblest elements of his race. Mr. Cleary was for many years, previous to his arrival in this country, a prominent merchant of Clonmel, of whose city council he was a distinguished member for several terms. His commercial career, not only in Chicago but throughout the entire Northwest, is very well known, his absolute integrity in business affairs having gained for him an envious and an honored reputation.

The large and sympathetic number of his fellow-citizens who followed his remains to their final resting place on earth, bore eloquent testimony to the general esteem in which he was held in this community. Among the many who were present at the funeral were Edward F. Kelly, P. W. Dunne, John W. Enright, T. P. O'Connor, Patrick Cavanagh and George Head, who acted as pallbearers, Judge Edward F. Dunne, Mrs. Dunne, Miss Mary Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Sarsfield Dunne, ex-County Commissioner John M. Carroll and wife, William Fogarty, J. J. Moore, Fathers Hodnett, Cashman and Dunne, Redmond and Michael Cleary, brothers of the deceased, Miss McAuliffe, of St. Louis; Mrs. John Gallery, Miss Donahue, Mrs. Col. Cleary, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lynch and Miss Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, P. H. Flanley, Harry Fitzgibbon, John F. Scanlan, Mortimer Scanlan, John P. Byrne, Mr. Hogan, M. W. Murphy, William Buckley and daughter, Capt. James E. Burke, P. McHugh, E. J. McPhelim and wife, Misses Graham, Misses Bradley, J. Clowry, M. J. Dooley, Miss Quinlan, of Minneapolis; Thomas V. Leeson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Templeton, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Cleary, of Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. E. Keefe, John Ryan, J. A. Lambert, R. D. Walsh and many others.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The year at the Schiller theatre has been marked by a very gratifying degree of general prosperity. The house has evidently grown into the favorable estimation of the very best class of Chicago's playgoers. The theatre is one of the handsomest in the country, and the enterprising and experienced management is ever on the alert to present its patrons and the public generally with the very highest class of theatrical attractions. Mr. Thomas W. Prior, who for a number of years was identified with the management of the Chicago Opera House as its assistant manager, assumed the management of the Schiller theatre, as the active representative of the German Opera House Company, owners of the theatre and building, the 19th of February last.

Frederick Warde and Louis James, supported by a splendid company, are making a great popular run at the Schiller. The performances of "The Lion's Mouth" conclude with the present week. The repertory for next week is arranged as follows: Sunday, Jan. 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings, "Othello;" Mr. Warde as Othello and Mr. James as Iago. Monday and Tuesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "Henry IV."; Mr. Warde as Prince Hal, Mr. James as Falstaff. Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, "Julius Cæsar"; Mr. Warde as Brutus, Mr. James as Cassius. Saturday evening, the last of the engagement, "Richard III"; Mr. Warde as Richard and Mr. James as Richmond.

WARREN B. KNISKERN'S PROMOTION

There was no surprise manifested when official announcement was made yesterday, says the *Tribune* of the 29th ult., that Warren B. Kniskern had been appointed general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago & Northwestern railway in place of W. A. Thrall, resigned. As stated in the *Tribune* on Friday, Mr. Kniskern's appointment to the position was considered a foregone conclusion. There are few men of his age in the passenger service who possess greater ability or are adapted better for such work than is Mr. Kniskern. He has been Mr. Thrall's principal assistant for a number of years and has made a record for himself of which he may well feel proud. No announcement has yet been made as to who will succeed Mr. Kniskern as assistant general passenger agent, but it is understood that the man next in rank, Mr. C. A. Cairns, will be promoted. Mr. Cairns has won his spurs in the passenger service by able and efficient work and a better man to aid Mr. Kinskern in his work could not easily be found.

GAELIC POETRY.

An Lonn.

Leis an n-Gabhar Donn.

Cluinim glór an loin ag seinm
Ceol d'á chéile measg ná g-craobh;
Eist! nl'l fuaim 'san domhan is binne,
Eist! nach blasta binn a bheul!

Nuair atáim-se lán d'eudóthchuis,
Lionaidh sé me lán do shógh;
Neamh air thalamh é a g-cómhnuidhe
Thú do chlos air mbaidin óig.

Tá a chroidhe astigh lán d'fhonn mór
Tá a chéile le n-a thaoibh,
'S tá an ceol ag teacht 'n a thonntaibh
O fhiordhoimhneacht shuairc a chroidhe.

Tá an ghrian ag sgaradh' suaimhnis
In a thimchioll-san go saor,
Air gach craoibh, gach bláth, gach sruthán;
Feuch! nach gorm, glan, glinn an speur!

Tá an náddúr uilé sóghamhuil;
Seinn, seinn d'abhrán dam, a éin,
'S tógfaidh sin mo chroidhe a g-cómhnuidhe
Chum na neimhe úd na naomh.

'S liom-sa labhrann tá go cinnte
Lionaidh tá mo chroidhe astigh,
Lán de shólás mór na neimhe
Sógh nár mhothuigh me ariamh.

Fan, a loin, am' chuideacht feasta;
Cuir am' anam-sa go buan
Le do sheinm-se geal-athas;
Och! och! eitiollann tú uaim.

'Nois tá tosd mór trom am' thimchioll
Tosd dubh, duairc ó d'imthigh tú,
Air do shligbe uaim, 's 'náit do bhinnis
Ní'l acht uaigneas mór a's gruaim.

Acht slán leat; éir fad do bhí me
'G éisteacht leat bhí sógh am' chroidhe,
'S rachfaidh me 'noisalr mo shligbe-se
Lán de shólás mór astigh.

Beidh do cheol go deo am' chroidhe-se
Seinim dam ameasg me phéin,
Tógfaidh me mo chroidhe a choidhche
'S cionn móir-imreasáin an t-saoghail.

Beo an bheannacht ghlan a bh-fhuaras
Uait, a éin, an lá breágh úd—
Ceol sár-bhinn do bheith go buan liom
Nuair atáim ameasg na ngruaim.

Nuair atáim ameasg na n-daoineadh
Noch atá ag troid go dian
Le n-a chéile chum a m-bidh d'fhághail;
Ach! béidhead cuimhneach air do laoi.

'S cuirfidh me mo mhuinighin threun bhuan
Ins an té a chruthuigh inn,*
A's a gheall arán gach lae dhúinn
Dam a's duit, a éin ró-bhinn.

*Inn—einn.

A Chance to Make Money.

The times are hard, but there always seem to be opportunities for those who are willing to work. In the past month I have made $175 above all expenses, selling Climax Dish Washers, and have attended to my regular business besides. I never saw anything that gave as general satisfaction. One should not complain where they can make over $6 a day, right at home. I have not canvassed any, so anxious are people for Climax Dish Washers, that they send after them; any lady or gentleman can do as well as I am doing, for any one can sell what everyone wants to buy. I think we should inform each other through the newspapers of opportunities like this, as there are many willing to work if they knew of an opening. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. After you have tried the business a week, publish the results for the benefit of others.

GREATER THAN THE ANCIENTS.

It is no longer a debatable question whether in physical powers the best men of this age excel the best men of ancient times, says the Baltimore *Sun*. There is no well-authenticated record of Grecian athletic feat that has not been beaten by the athletes of the nineteenth century. Leander's swim across the Hellespont was far outdone when the late Captain Webb swam across the Straits of Dover, from England to France. Lord Byron had already equalled Leander's feat. The Spartan runner, Ladas, dropped dead on completing a race two and three quarter miles, and it was thought to be not surprising that he should, as the distance was regarded as very long. We have no record of the speed at which Ladas ran, but as to the distance covered it was trifling compared with the distance that many of our athletes running cover. That the modern man is of bigger breed scientific inquiry has made certain. The size of the heroes of classic days, like most other things about them, was mythical. It was only in statuary that Ajax and the other large-limbed men of antiquity ever had an existence. Many years ago an old-fashioned tournament was projected in England, and the corselets and greaves of the mailed men of the Plantagenet period were pulled out of the closets of the old castles to be used by the modern descendants of the "brave knights of old." It was at once discovered that the nineteenth century Englishman was much too tall in stature, and large in girth, to get into them. And thereby perished the long cherished fiction that the human race was physically degenerating, and that the men of today were not "the men their forefathers were." We may, as we look over all that has been done on land and sea in lowering the racing records, alike of men, horses, and ships, feel that we are indeed "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." We are faster runners, stouter swimmers, surer marksmen, better rowers and yachtsmen, finer horsemen than ever were known in the Europe of feudal times, or the Athens of Homeric days.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic school continues to flourish, and the rooms of the city clerk, where the school is held, are crowded with diligent and enthusiastic students of the old tongue, the attendance increasing with each succeeding Sunday. The students are at present grouped according to proficiency into five classes, under competent and zealous instructors, all bent on acquiring an accurate literary and oral knowledge of "sean-teanga cheolmhar na bh-file's na m-bard." The number present at the last meeting must have been considerably above one hundred. After the regular studies of the day are gone through, the classes assemble together for conversation, readings, recitations, and short addresses in Irish, with a view to rendering the students thoroughly familiar with the proper pronunciation and accent of the language. The proceedings at the last meeting were of special interest to the members as they had presented the report of a committee that had been appointed at a previous meeting, to draw up a set of rules for the guidance of members of the classes. The rules as presented by the committee were after a brief discussion adopted and ordered printed for distribution. One of the most notable of the recommendations of the committee was the changing of the name from the simple "Gaelic Class" to the "Philo-Celtic Association of Chicago." The election of officers under the new rules takes place on Sunday next, Jan. 6, 1895. There was no meeting of the classes on Sunday last, a motion having been passed on Dec. 23 to take a recess until Jan. 6.

There is now placed within the reach of every truly patriotic member of the Irish race in Chicago the opportunity to acquire without cost a knowledge of the language of his ancestors, the most indispensable and necessary mark of our distinct nationality, and which contains the most convincing proofs of the antiquity and grandeur of the ancient civilization of Ireland, as it is the only efficacious means of preserving what is left of the distinctive characteristics—of preventing the utter bedevilment and Anglicizing of the Irish race, and it is hoped they will in far larger numbers than in the past take advantage of it. A supply of books is kept on hand by one of the teachers and furnished to students at cost.

The Success which Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in freeing old and young from afflictions caused by impure blood, is really remarkable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a building-up medicine.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

LITERARY.

The Century.

Among the contributors to the *Century* for January are Prof. William M. Sloane, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Florence Earle Coates, Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., Timothy Cole, F. Marion Crawford, Noah Brooks, Katharine Lee Bates, Hiram S. Maxim, Helen Gray Cone, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Dr. Hermann M. Briggs, and others. The artists include Castaigne and Pape, whose striking illustrations of the Napoleon are attracting attention, Bacher, Metcalf, Drake, Wiles, and others, besides reproductions of Napoleon work by eminent French artists. The subjects have a wide range and include Napoleon Bonaparte, "Scenes in Canton," "The Armor of Old Japan," anecdotes of public men in Washington during war time, "Festivals in American Colleges for Women," Dutch and American art, Maxim's new flying-machine, stories of life in Italy, England, New York, and Georgia, the work of women in public life, "The New Treatment of Diphtheria," the Pass Pestilence, etc., etc. And last but not least, the *Century* continues to present beautiful examples of the work of American wood-engravers, including T. Johnson, Tietze, Chadwick, Anderson, State, Davidson, and Timothy Cole, the example of Mr. Cole's work being the beautiful "Portrait of a Young Girl" by Govaert Flinck.

The Arena.

The January *Arnea* is especially interesting to women who have the cause of Woman's Progress at heart—and the woman's cause is the cause of the whole race and the progress of civilization itself—on account of the remarkable Symposium Discussing The Age of Consent laws in the different States of the Union, in which eight of the most prominent advocates of social purity take part. The question is discussed from every side—morally, socially, physically—and the iniquity of legislation which holds a child legally responsible for consenting to her own ruin and destruction at the age of ten, and thus protects the lowest sort of human brutes, is thoroughly exposed and a reform demanded. Among those who contribute to the discussion are Aaron M. Powell, editor of the *Philanthropist*, the man who probably more successfully than any other has for years waged a battle for the raising of the age of consent in the various States; Frances E. Willard, president of the White Ribbon movement; Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" one of the most powerful stories which has ever been written with the purpose of opening the eyes of men and women to the evils of this legislation; Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of New Jersey; Dr. Edward O. Janney, of Baltimore, Md.; Dr. Emily Blackwell, of New York, and the editor of the *Arena*. All friends of higher morality will find this number of the *Arena* invaluable.

FAMOUS ROGUE ELEPHANTS.

The complete history of rogue elephants would make an interesting chapter. They seem to have decided to avenge man's wrongs against their kind. Some years ago one rogue actually took possession of a stretch of country in India forty miles wide by one hundred long, and in a business-like way proceeded to demolish everything in or about it. The animal rushed into the villages, took huts upon its tusks and tore them apart, or tossed them until they fell in splinters. It chased the people away, or killed them whenever it could, or, standing by the wrecked houses, it ate the grains and stores. This elephant seemed remarkably intelligent. It entertained, in particular, a grudge against the watch-towers or scaffolds. Whenever this rogue saw one, he would creep slyly, spring at it, push it to the ground, and kill its occupants. A famous rogue elephant named Mandla was owned by a rich man near Jubbulpore in central India. Suddenly it began to develop the characteristics of a "rogue," and attacked human beings wherever seen. It killed them so cruelly that it became widely known as "the man-eater." He was finally destroyed by an organized effort of English army officers.

Another famous rogue took possession of a public road and attacked every passer-by. Suddenly darting from the jungle, it would rush up to an ox-cart, seize the driver with its trunk, and disappear. Repeated raids of this kind so terrified the people that a large tract of land was to all intents and purposes deserted; but finally an English hunter determined to rid the country of the rogue. By careful inquiry he found that the elephant always seized the driver, and if there were two carts in company, it chose the driver of the last. So he arranged two ox-carts, putting a dummy driver upon the second, while upon the first was a stout bamboo cage in which the hunter was to sit rifle in hand. When all was ready the two ox-carts started, one day, followed by the hopes and best wishes of the community. The fatal district was soon reached, and, about halfway down the road, there came a crash! —and the monstrous elephant, dark and ugly, dashed upon the party. Making directly for the last cart, with a vicious swing of its trunk, it seized on the dummy man and made off, receiving as it went a shot from the cage. But the oxen, alarmed by the uproar, ran away, leaving the road and taking to the open country. They tipped the cart over, nearly killing the caged driver and the English sportsman. What the elephant thought when it tore the dummy into shreds must be imagined. Some months later, however, this rogue was driven away and caught.—*C. F. Holder in St. Nicholas for January.*

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE IDOL.

I have known it young, I have known it old,
I have found an idol of purest gold,
And yet there has always come a day
When I saw that the idol's feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest,
In that old idol I loved the best,
And, ah, that there should be this to say—
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching undoes your might,
Never the gold is a whit less bright,
The idol never shall lose a ray,
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before.
"If only the idol is mine to adore,"
I cried, "it is naught if the trumpets bray
That the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

"If the thunder's voice should hear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are;
If I take them for gold, what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay?"

And yet the news some day must come
With the tune of harp or the rattle of drum,
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,
That the feet are, after all, nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repeat
What tales they like of the idol's feet.
To this assurance my life I'll hold—
That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshiper must be brave and wise;
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize;
'Tis the blind who chant in the same dull way
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake;
Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake;
They shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told
That even the feet are of aught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light.
Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night,
So shall they an idol fashioned behold
Through and through of the purest gold.
—Walter H. Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

TAMING A SHREW.

I have always had a slight suspicion that the following narrative is not quite true. It was related to me by an old seaman, who, among other incidents of a somewhat adventurous career, claimed to have received Napoleon's sword at the battle of Trafalgar and a wound in the back at Waterloo. I prefer to tell it in my own way, his being too garnished with nautical terms and expletives as to be half unintelligible and somewhat horrifying. Our talk had been of love and courtship, and after making me a present of several tips invented by himself, and considered invaluable by his friends, he related this story of the courtship of a chum of his as illustrating the great lengths to which young bloods were prepared to go in his days to attain their ends.

It was a fine, clear day in June when Hezekiah Lewis, captain and part owner of the schooner Thames, bound from London to Aberdeen, anchored off the little out of the way town of Oxford, in Suffolk. Among other antiquities the town possessed Hezekiah's widowed mother, and when there was no very great hurry—the world went slower in those days—the dutiful son used to go ashore in the ship's boat, and after a filial tap at his mother's window, which often startled the old lady considerably, pass on his way to see a young lady to whom he had already proposed for five times without effect.

The mate and crew of the schooner, seven all told, drew up in a little knot as the skipper, in his shore going clothes, appeared on deck and regarded him with an air of grinning, mysterious interest.

"Now, you all know what you have got to do?" queried the skipper.

"Aye, aye," replied the crew, grinning still more deeply.

Hezekiah regarded them closely, and then ordering the boat to be lowered scrambled over the side and was pulled swiftly toward the shore.

A sharp scream and a breathless "Lawk a mussy me!" as he tapped at his mother's window assured him that the old lady was alive and well, and he continued on his way until he brought up at a small but pretty house in the next road.

"Morning, Mr. Rumbolt," said he heartily to a stout, red faced man who sat smoking in the doorway.

"Morning, cap'n, morning," said the red faced man.

"Is the rheumatism any better?" inquired Hezekiah anxiously as he grasped the other's huge hand.

"So, so," said the other, "but it ain't the rheumatism so much what troubles me," he resumed, lowering his voice and looking round cautiously. "It's Kate."

"What?" asked the skipper.

"You've heard of a man being henpecked?" inquired Mr. Rumbolt in tones of husky confidence.

The captain nodded.

"I'm chick picked," murmured the other.

"What?" inquired the astonished mariner again.

"Chick picked," repeated Mr. Rumbolt firmly, "c-h-i-k-p-e-k-e-d! D'ye understand me?"

The captain said that he did and stood silent awhile, with the air of a man who wants to say something, but is half afraid to speak. At last, with a desperate appearance of resolution, he bent down to the old man's ear.

"That's the deaf un," said Mr. Rumbolt promptly.

Hezekiah changed ears, speaking at first slowly and awkwardly, but becoming more fluent as he warmed with his subject, while the expression of his listener's face gradually changed from incredulous bewilderment to one of uncontrollable mirth. He became so uproarious that he was fain to push the captain away from him and lean back in his chair and choke and laugh until he nearly lost his breath, at which crisis a remarkably pretty girl appeared from the back of the house and patted him with hearty good will.

"That'll do, my dear," said the choking Mr. Rumbolt. "Hero's Captain Lewis."

"I can see him," said his daughter calmly. "What's he standing on one leg for?"

The skipper, who really was standing in a somewhat constrained attitude, colored violently and planted both feet firmly on the ground.

"Being as I was passing close in, Miss Rumbolt," said he, "and coming ashore to see mother"—

To the captain's discomfort, manifestations of a further attack on the part of Mr. Rumbolt appeared, but were promptly quelled by the daughter

"Mother," she repeated encouragingly.

"I thought I'd come on and ask you just to pay a sort o' flying visit to the Thames."

"Thank you. I'm comfortable enough where I am," said the girl.

"I've got a couple of monkeys and a bear aboard which I'm taking to a menagerie in Aberdeen," continued the captain, "and the thought struck me you might possibly like to see 'em."

"Well, I don't know," said the damsel in a flutter. "Is it a big bear?"

"Have you ever seen an elephant?" inquired Hezekiah cautiously.

"Only in pictures," replied the girl.

"Well, it's as big as that, nearly," said he.

The temptation was irresistible, and Miss Rumbolt, telling her father that she should not be long, disappeared into the house in search of her hat and jacket, and ten minutes later the brawny rowers were gazing their fill into her deep blue eyes as she sat in the stern of the boat and told Lewis to behave himself.

It was but a short pull out to the schooner, and Miss Rumbolt was soon on the deck, lavishing endearments on the monkey and energetically prodding the bear with a handspike to make him growl. The noise of the offended animal as he strove to get through the bars of his cage was terrific, and the girl was in the full enjoyment of it when she became aware of a louder noise still, and turning round saw the seamen at the windlass.

"Why, what are they doing?" she demanded. "Getting up anchor?"

"Ahoy, there!" shouted Hezekiah sternly. "What are you doing with that windlass?"

As he spoke the anchor peeped over the edge of the bows, and one of the seamen, running past them, took the helm.

"Now, then," shouted the fellow, "stand by. Look lively there with them sails!"

Obeying a light touch of the helm, the schooner's bowsprit swung round from the land, and the crew, hauling lustily on the ropes, began to hoist the sails.

"What the devil are you up to?" thundered the skipper. "Have you all gone mad? What does it all mean?"

"It means," said one of the seamen, whose fat, amiable face was marred by a fearful scowl, "that we've got a new skipper."

"Good heavens, a mutiny!" exclaimed the skipper, starting melodramatically against the cage and starting hastily away again. "Where's the mate?"

"He's with us," said another seaman, brandishing his sheath knife and scowling fearfully. He's our new captain."

In confirmation of this the mate now appeared from below with an ax in his hand, and, approaching his captain, roughly ordered him below.

"I'll defend this lady with my life," cried Hezekiah, taking the handspike from Kate and raising it above his head.

"Nobody'll hurt a hair of her beautiful head," said the mate, with a tender smile.

"Then I yield," said the skipper, drawing himself up and delivering up the handspike with the air of a defeated admiral tendering his sword.

"Good," said the mate briefly as one of the men took it.

"What!" demanded Miss Rumbolt excitedly. "Ain't you going to fight them? Here, give me that handspike."

Before the mate could interfere the sailor, with thoughtless obedience, handed it over, and Miss Rumbolt at once tried to knock him over the head. Being thwarted in this design by the man taking flight, she lost her temper entirely and bore down like a hurricane on the remaining members of the crew, who were just approaching. They scattered at once and ran up the rigging like cats, and for a few moments the girl held the deck. Then the mate crept up behind her, and with the air of a man whose job exactly suited him clasped her tightly round the waist while one of the seamen disarmed her.

"You must both go below till we've settled what to do with you," said the mate, reluctantly releasing her.

With a wistful glance at the handspike the girl walked to the cabin, followed slowly by the skipper.

"This is a bad business," said the latter, shaking his head solemnly, as the indignant Miss Rumbolt seated herself.

"Don't talk to me, you coward," said the girl energetically.

The skipper started.

"I made three of 'em run," said Miss Rumbolt, "and you did nothing. You just stood still and let them take the ship. I'm ashamed of you."

The skipper's defense was interrupted by a hoarse voice shouting to them to come on deck, where they found the mutinous crew gathered aft round the mate. The girl cast a look at the shore, which was now dim and indistinct, and turned somewhat pale as the serious nature of her position forced itself upon her.

"Lewis," said the mate.

"Well," growled the skipper.

"The ship's going in the lace and brandy trade, and if so be as you're sensible you can go with it as mate. d've hear?"

"An s'pose I do, what about the lady?" inquired the captain.

"You and the lady'll have to get spliced," said the mate sternly. "Then there'll be no tales told. A Scotch marriage is as good as any, and we'll just lay off and put you ashore, and you can get tied up as right as ninepence."

"Marry a coward like that?" demanded Miss Rumbolt with spirit. "Not if I know it. Why, I'd sooner marry that old man at the helm."

"Old Bill's got three wives a'ready to my sartin knowledge," spoke up one of the sailors. "The lady's got to marry Captain Lewis, so don't let's have no fuss about it."

"I won't," said the lady, stamping violently.

The mutineers appeared to be in a dilemma, and following the example of the mate scratched their heads thoughtfully.

"We thought you liked him," said the mate at last feebly.

"You had no business to think," said Miss Rumbolt. "You are bad men, and you'll all be hung, every one of you. I shall come and see it."

"The cap'n's welcome to her for me," murmured the helmsman in a husky whisper to the man next to him. "The vixen!"

"Very good," said the mate, "if you won't, you won't. This end of the ship'll belong to you after 8 o'clock of a night. Lewis, you must go for'ard with the men."

"And what are you going to do with me after?" inquired the fair prisoner.

The seven men shrugged their shoulders helplessly, and Hezekiah, looking very depressed, lit his pipe and went and leaned over the side.

The day passed quietly. The orders were given by the mate, and Hezekiah lounged moodily about, a prisoner at large. At 8 o'clock Miss Rumbolt was given the key of the stateroom, and the men who were not in the watch went below.

The morning broke fine and clear, with a light breeze, which toward midday dropped entirely, and the schooner lay rocking lazily on a sea of glassy smoothness. The sun beat fiercely down, bringing the fresh paint on the taffrail up in blisters and sorely trying the tempers of the men who were doing odd jobs on deck.

The cabin where the two victims of the mutinous crew had retired for coolness got more and more stuffy until at length even the scorching deck seemed preferable, and the girl, with a faint hope of finding a shady corner, went languidly up the common ladder.

For some time the skipper sat alone pondering gloomily over the state of affairs as he smoked his short pipe. He was aroused at length from his apathy by the sound of the companion noisily closed, while loud frightened cries and hurrying footsteps on deck announced that something extraordinary was happening. As he arose to his feet he was confronted by Kate Rumbolt, who, panting and excited, waved a big key before him.

"I've done it," she cried, her eyes sparkling.

"Done what?" shouted the mystified skipper.

"Let the bear loose," said the girl. "Ha, ha, you should have seen 'em run! You should have seen the fat sailor!"

"Let the—phew!—let the—good heavens, here's a pretty kettle of fish," he choked.

"Listen to 'em shouting," cried the exultant Kate, clapping her hands. "Just listen!"

"Those shouts are from aloft," said Hezekiah sternly, "where you and I ought to be."

"I've closed the companion," said the girl reassuringly.

"Closed the companion," repeated Hezekiah as he drew his knife. "He can smash it like cardboard if the fit takes him. Go in here."

He opened the door of his stateroom.

"Shan't," said Miss Rumbolt politely.

"Go in at once," cried the skipper, "quick with you."

"Sha"— began Miss Rumbolt again. Then she caught his eye and went in like a lamb. "You come, too," she said prettily.

"I've got to look after my ship and my men," said the skipper. "I suppose you thought the ship would steer itself, didn't you?"

"Mutineers deserve to be eaten," whispered Miss Rumbolt piously, somewhat taken aback by the skipper's demeanor.

Hezekiah looked at her. "They're not mutineers, Kate," he said quietly. "It was just a piece of mad folly of mine. They're as honest a set of old sea dogs as ever breathed, and I only hope they are all safe up aloft. I'm going to lock you in, but don't be frightened; it shan't hurt you."

He slammed the door on her protests and locked it, and slipping the key of the cage in his pocket book took a firm grip of his knife, and running up the steps gained the deck. Then his breath came more freely, for the mate, who was standing a little way up the fore rigging, after tempting the bear with his foot, had succeeded in dropping a noose over its head. The brute made a furious attempt to extricate itself, but the men hurried down with other lines, and in a short space of time the bear presented much the same appearance as the lion in Æsop's fables, and was dragged and pushed, a heated and indignant mass of fur, back to its cage.

Having locked up one prisoner, the skipper went below and released the other, who passed quickly from a somewhat hysterical condition to one of such haughty disdain that the captain was thoroughly cowed and stood humbly aside to let her pass.

The fat seaman was standing in front of the cage as she reached it and regarding the bear with much satisfaction until Kate sidled up to him and begged him as a personal favor to go in the cage and undo it.

"Undo it! Why, he'd kill me!" gasped the fat seaman, aghast at such simplicity.

"I don't think he would," said his tormentor, with a bewitching smile, "and I'll wear a lock of your hair all my life if you do. But you'd better give it to me before you go in."

"I ain't going in," said the fat sailor shortly.

"Not for me?" inquired Kate archly.

"Not for 50 like you," replied the old man firmly. "He nearly had me when he was loose. I can't think how he got out."

"Why, I let him out," said Miss Rumbolt airily. "Just for a little run. How would you like to be shut up all day?"

The sailor was just going to tell her with more fluency than politeness when he was interrupted.

"That'll do," said the skipper, who had come behind them. "Go forward, you. There's been enough of this fooling; the lady thought you had taken the ship. Thompson, I'll take the helm. There's a little wind coming. Stand by there."

He walked aft and relieved the steersman, awkwardly conscious that the men were becoming more and more interested in the situation, and also that Kate could hear some of their remarks. As he pondered over the subject and tried to think of a way out of it the cause of all the trouble came and stood by him.

"Did my father know of this?" she inquired.

"I don't know that he did exactly," said the skipper uneasily. "I just told him not to expect you back tonight."

"And what did he say?" said she.

"Said he wouldn't sit up," said the skipper, grinning despite himself. Kate drew a breath the length of which boded no good to her parent and looked over the side.

"I was afraid of that traveler chap from Ipswich," said Hezekiah after a pause. "Your father told me he was hanging around you again, so I thought I—well, I was a blamed fool anyway."

"See how ridiculous you have made me look before all these men," said the girl angrily.

"They've been with me for years," said Hezekiah apologetically, "and the mate said it was a magnificent idea. He quite roared about it, he did. I wouldn't have done it with some crews, but we've had some dirty times together, and they've stood by me well. But of course that's nothing to do with you. It's been an adventure I'm very sorry for, very."

"A pretty safe adventure for you," said the girl scornfully. "You didn't risk much. Look here, I like brave men. If you go in the cage and undo that bear, I'll marry you. That's what I call an adventure."

"Smith," called the skipper quietly. "Come and take the helm a bit."

The seaman obeyed, and Lewis, accompanied by the girl, walked forward. At the bear's cage he stopped, and, fumbling in his pocket for the key, steadily regarded the brute as it lay gnashing its teeth and trying in vain to bite the ropes which bound it.

"You're afraid," said the girl tauntingly. "You're quite white."

The captain made no reply, but eyed her so steadily that her gaze fell. He drew the key from his pocket and inserted it in the huge lock and was just turning it when a soft arm was drawn through his and a soft voice murmured in his ear, "Never mind about the old bear."

And he did not mind.—Chicago Tribune.

Boy's Explanation of the Trinity.

Sir W. H. Hamilton's domestic life was brightened by children to whom he was devotedly attached.

"That little boy," he once said, pointing to a boy about 5 or 6 years old, "ran up to me the other day, and cross questioned me about the mysteries in the doctrine of the Trinity.

"'How,' he demanded, 'can there be three, and yet only one?' I answered, 'You are too young for such matters; go back to your top.'

"He flogged it about the passages a score of times, then returned to me and said, 'I have found it all out—this is the explanation,' and propounded his theory. 'You are wrong,' I answered; 'you are too young to understand the matter; go and play.'

"He returned three times more, successively, and each time propounded a new explanation, and received the same answer.

"But now listen! His four explanations of the mystery were the four great heresies of the first four centuries! He discovered them all for himself. I did not give him the slightest assistance. What an intellect!"—Century Magazine.

A Deadly Drama.

The following strange story is told of the manuscript of "Elaine," a drama by George Parsons. It was accepted and produced by Miss Annie Russell, but no sooner had the lady proceeded thus far than she was taken ill, which entailed the withdrawal of the piece. Thereupon Mr. Lathrop sent it to Miss Mary Anderson. "She liked it" and was actually in negotiation to produce it when she also became ill, "desperately ill." The unlucky author then tried Mrs. Langtry. She was "enchanted" and eager to bring it out when, lo! the Jersey Lily was "stricken down with fever."

Finally the parcel of manuscript was dispatched to Miss Julia Marlowe. Regardless of her doom, like Grey's Eton boys, this "little victim" was just then playing to audiences in Philadelphia. She opened it and played no more that season. Within a week she was "utterly prostrated."—London Tit-Bits.

His Error.

"Never," she said haughtily, "never darken my doors again!"

He stood before her humbly and would have spoken, but she silenced him with a wave of her bejeweled hand and went on:

"I told you in the first place that I wanted them doors painted a robin's egg blue, and here you've went and grained them. I know what I want, and I'm goin to have it."

Wearily he got out his putty knife and sandpaper and began to rectify his error.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mummy Wheat.

Candarolle says that the "mummy wheat"—that is, wheat taken from mummy cases—has never been known to sprout. Instances to the contrary are believed to be the result of fraud on the part of Arabs who frequently introduce modern grain into the sarcophagi in order to impose on the credulity of travelers.

JULIUS ON THE JURY.

UNUSUAL, BUT A GOOD JOKE ON AN OMAHA LAWYER.

An Eloquent Opening That Was Wasted Because of Juryman No. 11—A Defendant Who "Knows More About Dot Case as Anybody," and It Proved to Be So.

"It happened ten or a dozen years ago," said he. "One Julius Goldfarb, an east side merchant, had sought the protection of insolvency proceedings several times, but with praiseworthy perseverance had followed the motto, 'If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again.' In his last undertaking, however, his creditors alleged that he had been entirely too successful and charged him with the sequestration of property of various kinds to the amount of $10,000. To recover this suit was brought in the court of common pleas. I was retained as counsel for the defendant.

"When the day and hour set for the trial of the cause arrived, I was busy, so I sent my clerk over to represent the defense, with instructions to watch the opening proceedings and waive all challenges of the jurors, intending to reach the scene in time to try the case. After disposing of the matter in hand I went over to the common pleas courtroom, entering just as the opening statement was being made by the counsel for the creditors, the attorney being the late R. H. Newcomb, commonly known as Dick.

"As I took my seat I glanced around the bar and then about the courtroom in search of my client, but he was not visible. I had on my 'near' glasses, so I 'winked' them off, put on my 'far' glasses and repeated the search, with the same result. Then I put on both pairs of glasses without being able to discover my missing client. Wondering at the absence of Goldfarb at such a time, I 'winked' off both glasses and turned toward the jury box just as Dick Newcomb was completing his statement of the creditors' side of the case.

"Newcomb, as you may remember, was a man possessed of an oratorical 'gift' and inordinately fond of displaying his lingual ability, no matter how small a provocation was offered by the nature or merits of the case. On the present occasion Disraeli's characterization of Gladstone, 'intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity,' would fitly apply to Dick Newcomb as he disclaimed against the 'moral obliquity' and 'ingrained turpitude' of the defendant.

"As he took his seat he leaned over to me and whispered:

"'How is that for an opening statement?'

"'That's all right for an opening statement,' said I, 'but I don't think I shall try this case with you today.'

"'What do you mean by that?' asked Newcomb in astonishment.

"'Look at juror No. 11,' I said.

"'Well, what about him?'

"'Do you know him?'

"'No. Who is he?'

"'Julius Goldfarb.'

"'You don't mean the defendant in this suit?'

"'Precisely.'

"Quivering with indignation and disgust, Newcomb sprang to his feet and addressed the court.

"'May it please your honor, it has just come to my knowledge that juror No. 11 in that box is no other than the defendant in this action.'

"The sitting judge was the late ex-Chief Justice Larremore, who was a great stickler for the observance of all prescribed forms and jealous for the dignity and respect due the bench. Turning toward the jury box, he said sternly:

"'Juror No. 11, stand up.'

"He obeyed.

"'What is your name?' demanded the judge.

"'Julius Goldfarb, shudge.'

"'Are you the defendant in this suit?'

"'Ja wohl, shudge. So I vos.'

"'What do you mean by getting yourself sworn in as a juror to try your own case?' thundered Judge Larremore.

"'Vy, shudge,' answered Goldfarb coolly, 'dey vos call my name, undt you dole me to shtood up dere, undt I vos answer all der questions, undt dot man' (indicating Dick Newcomb) 'said I vos all right. Undt den I sits me down here ver I vos dold. Dot's all, shudge.'

"Judge Larremore's face had grown redder and redder during Goldfarb's story, and when the latter finished the judge treated him to as severe a lecture as ever was heard in a courtroom. Goldfarb listened with a meek and lowly mien, but the twinkle of his eye showed that fear of the judge's reproof could not spoil his enjoyment of the joke.

"When Judge Larremore had ended his lecture, he declared a nontrial. Goldfarb was discharged from the jury box, other talesmen were summoned, a new juror selected, and the trial of the case was proceeded with.

"After court was adjourned for the day Newcomb walked over to Goldfarb and said:

"'See here, Goldfarb, do you mean to say you would have gone on and tried your own case?'

"'Ja wohl, vy not?'

"'And I suppose you would have brought in a verdict for yourself if you could?'

"'Now, Misder Newcomb, you vos a lawyer. Vot vos I dere for anyhow?'

"'But suppose the evidence had been all against you? Suppose we had proved that you had made away with the property?'

"'Ach, heilige Moses! I knows more about dot case as anybody. Vot's de use of broving anydings so vhen I knows it vos a lie already?'

"Newcomb walked away in eminent disgust. The result of the case proved the wily Julius to have made a successful failure. His name had chanced to be among those drawn for trial jurors for that term of court, and by mere accident it had been drawn from the box for his own case. The carelessness of the court officers and Dick Newcomb had done the rest."—Omaha World-Herald.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

One Gallant English Soldier's Tribute to Another's Courage.

Though all our officers in the Crimea were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature, writes Sir Evelyn Wood. He exemplified the American poet's hero:

The bravest are the tenderest.
The loving are the daring.

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in his case. In 1851, while crossing the Nubian desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884, Peel dismounted from his camel to give water from his store to a dying bird. To this tender hearted man it appeared that our blue jackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four of us—two Diamond's and two Queen's—to set the example in the battery by always walking erect and without undue haste.

Next day he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 pounds came through the parapet and rolled into the center of a small group of men, who threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and, resting it on his breast, carried it back to the parapet, and, stepping on to the banquette, rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun when a shell burst on the top of the magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote, unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior lieutenant, "Shell burst in the magazine, sir!" Now, Ridge, first lieutenant her majesty's ship Diamond, was as brave as he was efficient and responded without concern, "Aye, aye, put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner to stamp out the burning bags and fill up the crater made by the explosion.

While so engaged I felt some one alongside, helping me, but did not look up, for, with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow in 1858.

Satire In Ancient Egypt.

M. Ollivier Beauregard, a well known, sagacious and patient Egyptologist, has, a Paris correspondent says, published a work which shows that the ancient Egyptians were not impassable, as they are reputed to have been. It is on Egyptian satires. One of his documents is a papyrus of the time of Rameses II. It is a censure in the lampoon style of the profane conduct of that king. Somebody wrote a counterblast in his defense, which M. Ollivier Beauregard also possesses. It is written in the same tone and meets satire with satire. There is on a third papyrus an attack on the priests, which for the liveliness of its style and the mercilessness of its irony affords a parallel to certain articles in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique." One of M. Ollivier Beauregard's antique documents is a satire on the vices of Cleopatra and her disorderly life. A more modern papyrus is an ironical exhortation to all good Egyptians to pay cheerfully the taxes assessed by their foreign dynasty. The advantages of having rulers belonging to a higher civilization are pointed out in an apologue resembling that of Menenius Agrippa.

These Wonderful Thespians.

If ever I become a divorcee, I wonder how I should feel on meeting my former husband!

I strolled down Broadway the other afternoon behind a handsome, large eyed young actress who recently obtained a divorce from her spouse, a dashing light comedian who has twice essayed a "flier" around the matrimonial track.

When near Twenty-third street, lo! the form of the aforesaid actor loomed up, coming in our direction.

I don't know how the sight of him affected her, but I felt my face flushing with excitement and expectation.

Nearer and nearer.

Will there be a scene?

Now they are almost abreast!

He lifted his gray Alpine hat with debonair grace and smiles sweetly.

"How do do, Lizzie?"

"How are you, Frank?"

And they calmly pursue the "even tenor" of their way!

These Thespians are wonderful people.—New York Recorder.

An Abusive Wife.

The famous Dr. Andrew Bell had a wife who, after exhausting all her ingenuity in making him miserable, finally left him. She then began writing him long letters filled with personal abuse, and when she found he did not take the trouble to open them took to abusing him on the envelope. One she addressed, "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hangdog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell." Another was thus pleasingly inscribed: "To that ape of apes and knave of knaves, Dr. Andrew Bell, who is recorded to have once paid a debt, but a small one you may be sure it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact, it was fourpence ha'penny. Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could achieve so dreadful a sacrifice."

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration, and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she be inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came into my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles, and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

" 'Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?' I asked.

"She drew herself up and said in an offended tone: 'This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep, and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer'—

"And so her tongue rattled on until I again had to stop her.

" 'Now, listen to my prescription,' I said. 'Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make any calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater, do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed, and your nervous system will get rest.'

"What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

"Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did. It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity or complete loss of brain power if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers, I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

" 'Keep quiet a few hours every day, and you will be a well woman,' is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it, they come back and say, 'Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription.' "—New York Sun.

It Went Off.

A story is told of a certain showman who combined with the ordinary circus performance a display of fireworks. At one town he advertised the "Battle of Trafalgar," with burning ships, blazing oceans and other magnificent effects. He drew such a vivid picture of that great naval encounter that the people from the entire countryside were attracted to see it. When the time arrived, the showman brought his guiding hand to bear on the set piece, applied the match in the usual manner and retired to await results. Several minutes passed, but no battle ensued. The showman then stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"It has not went off," he remarked and proceeded to investigate.

Again the same result followed, and again.

"It has not went off, ladies and gentlemen," continued the showman. "I will now show you the great earthquake of Lisbon." He gathered the fireworks together and filled a barrel with them. He poured turpentine over them and sprinkled the lot freely with gunpowder. Once more he applied the torch, with astonishing results. There was an explosion, and when all was over he gave a parting address.

"It has went off, ladies and gentlemen, and so has three fingers of my hand. Good evening, and many thanks. The earthquake will not be repeated."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ethel's Choice.

Amy has very beautiful hair, which curls in lovely fashion. Her next door playmate, Ethel, has straight hair and is envious of Amy's curls.

The other morning Ethel had been very naughty, and her mother, who was born in Boston, was obliged to say: "Ethel, go directly into the other room. I am going to punish you right straight off."

Ethel whimpered, "Mamma, can't you punish me the curly way?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the mother in astonishment.

"I heard Amy's papa tell her this morning that he was going to give her a whipping that would make her hair curl, and if—if it's just the same to you I'd rather have that kind."—Chicago Post.

Rocks That Float In Water.

A geologist who is well up in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water, and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubelite is one of the best known representatives of that class. The common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is "damari," a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damaraland. Its atomic weight is .5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WOMAN "AD." SOLICITOR.

A Clever Ruse Through Which She Accomplished Her Purpose.

The reason why so many women fail as advertising solicitors and agents is because they have no conception of the meaning of the word "time" as applied to business people.

There is lots of money in it, more than in almost any line of work connected with publishing, and a woman starting out to make a living for herself in this line of work must come down to business principles at once and forget that she was ever entitled to more courtesy than is shown from man to man.

A business man's time is counted by the minutes, each one of which is worth so much money to him. When a woman, no matter how attractive, makes her way into his private office and takes up so much of his valuable time that he is either compelled to give her what she wants or treat her with a rudeness he is not accustomed to doing she gains very little in the long run. A small order given under these circumstances closes the door forever after against her.

But, on the other hand, if she asks and is granted an interview, a few well chosen, terse sentences, stating her errand, will, if it does not get the order at once, make a good impression, and in all probability the second visit will do much more. I do not mean that one visit is to suffice for all time, but by a liberal use of tact and a constant remembrance that a business man's time is worth so much to him much may be gained. At all events, what one cannot accomplish that way it is almost impossible to get any other way.

To show exactly my idea I will relate an incident, which was told me, of a busy woman who earned a very fair income by getting advertisements for one of New York's dailies.

She had been working at it for nearly six months when she was told one day to go and see a prominent linen dealer of Twenty-third street and try if she could get an order from him.

She had heard of him as being a queer, cantankerous individual and extremely hard to approach, and she knew if she stated her errand she would not be able to see him at all.

So, assuming a confidence she did not feel, she went boldly up to the store one morning, and seeing a floorwalker stepped up to him and said in an "acquaintance of long standing" sort of voice: "Has Mr. C—— come down yet? I have looked all over the store and cannot find him."

"Oh, yes, miss," the man answered, thinking she was an old friend, "he was in his private office, over there, a few moments ago."

"Thanks, very much," she answered. "I will go over and see him a minute then," and she walked deliberately over and into the office where he was sitting.

Now, she simply trusted to her good luck to get a satisfactory interview, and stepping up to the desk she said as sweetly as possible, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, young lady! What do you want?" he said gruffly.

"Only to speak to you a moment, if you are not too busy," she answered, with some trepidation, for he seemed a very tough customer to begin on.

She had been told before going that no one else had ever been able to get anything from him, so it was a matter of pride with her to succeed.

"My time is worth $5 a minute," he said very decidedly, as if that settled the question, "and I cannot afford to waste it. Good morning!"

She felt that it was now or never. She had just received her week's salary and had it in her pocket.

"Very well, sir," she answered promptly. "I will take three minutes, if you please."

Taking out her pocketbook and watch, she put three $5 bills on the desk and her watch open on top, and sitting down on a chair beside him she began to talk.

She says he looked up in astonishment, with a smile on his face, and when the three minutes were up by the watch she had obtained an order for several weeks and made a friend of him, which stood her in good stead many a time. Of course he did not take the money, and she knew he would not, but she caught him by her promptness and did a good stroke of business.

She said, though, that she would have paid the money like a man if he had taken it and considered the order she secured cheap at that.—Printers' Ink.

It Reminded Him.

The sick tragedian lay on his couch, staring with widely opened eyes into vacancy.

The doctor who had been summoned first had just arrived, and while he was removing his gloves the second doctor came into the room.

"He mutters," said the first. "His mind wanders."

"N-no, I think not," replied the attendant, bending over the patient. "He spoke quite slowly and distinctly."

"What did he say?" inquired the second.

"He said, 'One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow!' "—Chicago Tribune.

Paradoxical.

"Are you married?" asked the justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy.

"No, I am not married, but my wife is."

"No trifling with the court."

"I'm not trifling with the court. I was married, but got a divorce. My wife got married again, but I didn't, so I'm not married, but my wife is."—London Tit-Bits.

Rather Personal.

How many times a day do you unthinkingly say "What?" to a man when you heard what he said. How many times do you ask people questions and then don't listen to their answer? How many times a month do you repeat the same joke? Do you ever say anything original? What is a bore anyhow?—Atchison Globe.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST.
CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.
The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 585 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter P Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 243 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J F Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5030 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 10—Timothy Burke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Archer hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2291 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2301 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 2001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—John Clarke, Pres, 1726 Prairie av; Thomas Winters, V-P; P J Lyng, Rec Sec, 3130 Shields av; Ed J O'Donnell, Fin Sec; Thomas Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, the 20th of each month.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 3158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3253 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Cass, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Jas Moreland, fin; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 520 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Calumet av.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4654 Wentworth av; Thos Killough, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesdays each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 32—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6235 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6138 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet first Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1863. David L Barry, President, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 800 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and Statests.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 390 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 3:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av. J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

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St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemstager, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1043 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Pelz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 154 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C. Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 338 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 2197 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Louis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 425 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin Meet 3rd Friday at 5600 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2832 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorney. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in school hall.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine percelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders the of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company will be held at the Company's office, 810 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill., on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1895, the object of which meeting is to increase the capital stock of said company from $500,000 to $1,000,000, and to provide funds for the liquidation of said company's debts.

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ESTATE OF CATHERINE SCHMITZ, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Schmitz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.

PETER SCHMITZ, Administrator.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 910 SCHILLER BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF THOMAS RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1895, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, December 12, 1894.

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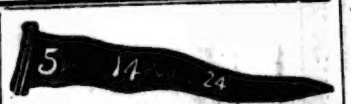

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